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7 St. James's St. London —

G. Cruikshank fecit —







THE  
**Dens of London**  
EXPOSED.

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CHAPTER I.  
COMMON LODGING HOUSES, CADGERS,  
    &c., &c

THESE two subjects are, perhaps now the only ones remaining, in what is termed the "walks of life," of which a correct description has not yet been given. All the old topics, such as the beauties of the country, and the ancient stories of love and heroism, which have afforded so much employment to the pencil, the muse, and the worker-up of novels, have long been considered as the beaten track; and the relaters of fiction, at least those who lay claim to any thing like originality, have been fain to leave the romantic path, with its old castles and wondrous deeds, and so forth, and seek for heroes behind a counter, amidst the common-place details of busi-

ness, and for scenes amongst the intricate windings of the streets and alleys. In short, novelty is the grand element in the novel-writing age.

Independent of the hosts of "Military and Naval Sketches of Mr. Such-a-one," "the Author of So-and So's Reminiscences," &c., with the usual abundance of matter, that daily crowd from the press, we may notice amongst the really useful works that have lately appeared, the "Old Bailey Experience," "Essays on the Condition of the People," "the Dishonest Practices of Household Servants," and "the Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and Flash Houses;" but, valuable as these articles are, and they are certainly of some importance to society, has there any one, we might ask, ever entered into the Common Lodging House,—the Vagabond's Home,—a place that abounds in character and crime? The only information which we have had in these dens of poverty and vice, has been merely through the Police Report, when some unfortunate delinquent had been taken out of one of those skulking-holes. On such occasions we are told, amongst the usual remarks, that the accommodation in those houses were exceedingly cheap, and that the lodgers herded together indiscriminately, &c.; but how such houses were really con-

of the manners and characters of most of the people who inhabit them, the public may be said to be almost in a state of ignorance. In like manner with that fragment we call "Cadgers," our knowledge has been equally limited. No correct account has ever yet been given of this vile, cunning class of the community. All that we have been told concerning them, is, to use the common phrase, that mere lying. We remember reading, some few years ago, of one of these begging gentry boasting of being able to make five shillings a day. He considered that sixty streets were easily got through, from sunrise to sunset, and that it was strange indeed if he could not collect a penny in every street. Now, this very same anecdote we read, not many days since, in a new work, entitled, "A History of the Working Classes," as something, of course, just brought to light.

The story, too, in that hy-gene piece of nateriety, "Pierce Egan's Life in London," about the beggar's opera, where the lame and the blind, and other disordered individuals, were said to meet nightly, in a place called the "back slums," to throw off their infirmities, and laugh at the credulity of the public, was, not a great many weeks ago, trumped up into a paragraph in one of our weekly journals as a fact just dis-



covered, and the curious were referred to a certain house in St. Giles's, in corroboration thereof. Indeed, we think it would be easy to prove that what little is known of the Common Lodging House, and those people the Cadgers, is neither more nor less than mere reports, and which like the generality of reports, contain not always the truth.

It certainly appears strange that those two subjects, which offer such an abundance of original matter to writers and other observers of mankind, should have remained so long without any other notice than merely that they were known to exist. Seemingly strange, however, as this singularity is, sufficient reasons, perhaps, may be given for it. There can be little doubt, at least there is none in our mind, that since the commencement of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, periodicals have principally assisted in developing, if we may so term it, the powers of observation. Intelligent readers of this kind of literature would naturally turn away from the insipid stuff of the rhymers, and the equally sentimental trash of the getter-up of fiction, of which our old magazines were mostly composed, to the more rational parts of the publication, such as original essays, critiques, stories which had really some truth for their foundation, or any thing which bore the stamp of newness. This secret of attraction would,

of course, soon be found out, by those most interested in the sale; but the grand introduction of utility was at that period when the *Waverley* novels made their appearance. Then, instead of the exaggerated imaginings of a diseased brain, with all its superhuman agency, we had History beautifully blended with Fiction, or rather Truth, accurate descriptions of nature, and correct pictures of life, both high and low. We all remember what powerful sensations those literary wonders at first created, and what a crowd of imitators followed in their train. The Magazines soon caught up the tone, and became doubly interesting, with the lives of private soldiers, "Two or Three Years in the Peninsula," and the "Subaltern." The camp and the man-of-war now poured forth their vast stories of anecdote and adventure, in all shapes and sizes--octavo and article--sketches of character, local customs and antiquities, filled up the other attractions of the day, and to read for improvement, while we read for amusement, was almost considered the fashionable employment of time.

These excellent topics, doubtless, had their season, and when done our wholesale dealers (I will form the Publishers), well knew that their new paper in the pulpit would not be content with what had gone before. Scarcely was it be-



that old ground-work of fiction. The same may be said of those "Essays on the Condition of the People,"—"Household Servants,"—the "Old Bailey Experience," and those equally instructive articles on the "Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and the Flash Houses," which all owe their origin to the same cause. It therefore can scarcely excite surprise that the Common Lodging House and Cadger should have remained so long without notice, when, if we take but a little time to reflect, we shall easily perceive that this work of observation is but just now going on, and that the very period in which we now live, is what with justice may be called but—the Age of Inquiry.

The Common Lodging House, as the reader no doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place called the "Beggars' House;" and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poorest to the most splendid; each with its two or three shake-down beds.

upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten or twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three halfpence, twopence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is, the penny-a-night lodger) have often no softer resting place than the hard floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required, for an old house will do, no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through, in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood, the better; old bedsteads and beds, clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms, and a table or so, for the kitchen, are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop, or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale: viz., bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be

assured, are of a very moderate quality : they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a halfpenny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c. ; and, for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in those creditable places, and that only to those who are well-known ; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very skirts off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food ; indeed, in the country, it is a common thing, when a traveller (which is the respectable appellation by which the alms-seeking gentry designate themselves) seeks for a night's lodging, for the landlord to refuse admittance, unless the applicant carries a bundle, which is looked upon as a kind of security, should he not have the desirable in his pocket.

It may naturally be supposed that, where there are such little outlays and such large returns, that good round sums must be produced ; indeed, there are few who commence this kind of life, but soon secure to themselves an independency. There are many whom we could mention, who have

accumulated such large fortunes by the encouragement of vagrancy, as now to be the proprietors of vast property in houses, and who still carry on large establishments by means of deputies, and in their deputies' names, while they themselves live in fashionable style on the borders of the town. The servants that are kept in those houses are in general men, they being considered better adapted to keep peace and quietness than women. It is customary with lodgers, who have anything of value, to deposit it with the landlord, and, in most cases, it is returned with safety. There are some whose character stands so high for honesty, that twenty pounds and upwards may be entrusted with them ; but there are those again with whom it would not be prudent to leave a rag, and who often colleague with ruffians to get up a row during the night, to rob the lodgers, they of course coming in for a share of the booty. It is true, too, that in a great many of those houses men and women scorn all restraint, and hate any thing in the shape of a barrier. As regards cleanliness very little can be said for any ; they all abound, more or less, with those small creeping things, which are said to be so prolific on the other side of the Tweed, and in the *dear country*. To delineate, however, the characters of the different houses, comes not at present within our limits ;



that of itself would fill volumes with the most extraordinary interest; and what then would be the descriptions of the crowds who frequent such houses—the thousands and tens of thousands who exist in this country by what is called their wits—whose trade is imposture, and whose whole life one continued exercise of the intellects? The flash letter-writer and the crawling suppliant; the pretended tradesmen, who live luxuriously on the tales of others, and the real claimant of charity, whose honest shame will hardly allow him to beg for sufficient to procure the hard comforts of a bed of straw; the match seller and ballad-singer, whose convenient profession unite the four lucrative callings of begging, selling, singing, and stealing; gangs of shipwrecked sailors, or rather, fellows whose iron constitutions enable them for the sake of sympathy, to endure the most inclement weather, in almost a state of nudity, and among them only one perhaps ever heard the roar of the ocean; jugglers, coiners, tramps (mechanics seeking work), strolling players, with all the hangers-on of fairs, races, assizes, stable-yards; besides the hosts of Irish who yearly migrate from sweet Erin to happy England, to beg, labour, and steal. Here then, is a wide field for speculation, a vast common in life, where a character may be almost picked up at every step—mines of

vice and misery as yet unexplored. A road that has never yet been trodden by the man of the pen, and very rarely by him of the pencil. If a few straggling mendicants, or some solitary wretch, have occasionally been sketched, the great centre of the sons of Cain—the outcast's home—has never yet been entered ; that place has remained sacred to the tell-tale eye of each observer. But enough of this : we will now enter among these new scenes, and in order to give a correct view of the ways and doings of this strange life, will at once introduce the reader to the head-quarters of the cadgers—St. Giles's.



## CHAPTER II.

ST. GILES'S—THE CADGER'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS.

THE house, or rather establishment (for it contains no less than eight houses, having a moderate-sized court within its boundary, in which stands a large gas lamp) to which we intend to conduct the reader, is situate at No. 13, — Street, St. Giles's. The proprietor being what is called a gentleman—a man of property—and, like all men of property, of course, wishes not to have his name mentioned but in a respectable way—we therefore, with all respect for the power of wealth, will accommodate him with a dash.

This cavern was opened some forty years ago, by a man of the name of —, a native of that cautious country, "*Canny, tak care o' yoursel.*" The Scotchman, with the characteristic foresight of his countrymen, soon saw that to set up prudence in the midst of wanton waste, was a sure and ready way to

accumulate the *barbees*. Accordingly, he took a shop and house at the aforesaid number, and commenced giving shelter to the wild and the profligate. Trade thrived, and, ere long, Sawney had reason to bless the day he crossed the border. He not only grew a rich but a *braw* man—put his sons to



respectable professions, and expended as much in setting them up in the world, as might have made them no common lairds in the land of thistles, and finally gave up the ghost,

breathing his last breath amidst the air of plenty, leaving his money-making craft to his eldest son, who still carries on this establishment, as well as two others, one in the Broadway, St. Giles's, and the other in Long Acre, through the means of a deputy, and in the deputy's name, while he himself takes his ease in elegant style, a little way out of town, and is reputed to be the possessor of a great number of houses besides.

This grand cadging rendezvous, then, is under the superintendence of a deputy, and is kept up in his name; he is assisted by his wife and under deputy (men-servants), and a few female domestics. This man—that is, the leader of the band—hails we believe from Cambridgeshire. He is of a slight make, with a shrewd cast of the eye. Formerly he figured in a gentleman's family, and has still much of the air and dress of a lackey: he is nevertheless well adapted for his situation; is affable and free, gambles, and is the companion of the lodgers in the house, but knows them not in the street. When any of the inmates chance to meet him in one of their alms-seeking rambles, and present their hat to see if he will set an example to unwilling people, he never drops in more than one poor penny; his wife, however,

is considered a trump (a generous woman), and never has the collection-box held to her, but invariably lets fall a *tanner*, to shew that she is a *Gemman's* wife. These people have the reputation of being honest: anything intrusted to them, of whatever value, is certain of being returned. Robbery and petty thefts are here very rare, and fights are never allowed in the house, if the landlord is at home. There are two kitchens, one for the males and the other for the females: the men are not permitted to visit the women, and, until after eleven at night, the time the women's kitchen is cleared, very few of the latter are allowed to disturb their masculine neighbours; those who have that privilege, are the select few, who are pleased to term themselves *wives*. There are sleeping apartments, too, for the different sexes, and rooms for those who pass as married people; and when any of the fair part of the inmates happen, in their perambulations, to meet with a friend of the opposite gender, and find, as they sometimes do, that it will be necessary to have a little private communion before they part, the landlord has so far sympathized with such persons, as to provide a room or two for their particular use. In short, this place, besides being a common lodging house, adds to it that now very necessary convenience—a *brothel*.

There are considerably more than one hundred beds in this house, made of wood and iron, distributed three and six in a room; the single ones are fourpence, and the double ones sixpence; and when we add the profits of this to that of the other two establishments, it must be allowed that the whole must amount to a gentlemanlike sum.

It is now our duty to enter this abode, and though accustomed to these retreats of vice and misery, we actually did not visit to this very house, one Saturday evening, and Sunday morning, until Monday morning, taking, from first to last, our full notes of the most extraordinary characters and their ways, in order that our first sketch might be a correct picture of the manner in which these portions of society spend the last, the best, and the first part of the week.

Well, then, on Saturday afternoon, upon a certain day, we directed our steps to that well-known spot of this mighty part of the world—the Rookery, the appropriate title given to that modern Sodom, St. Giles's. On entering this region of sin, we, of course, had the usual direction of foot-ways, and streets to encounter, in picking out our way through the sinners' rich strong houses, and bowling channels of the streets, the coffee, and the public-house, the gin-shop, and the ale-house, and the various other houses and places.



length, however, we reached No. 13, — Street, which was pointed out to us by a damsel standing in one of the many groups which are usually collected there, discussing the queries of that city, as being the habitation that we were in search of.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE CADGING HOUSE.

As this is the first attempt that has been made to describe a Cadging House, we perhaps may be excused in being somewhat particular. The outside of this dwelling was more cleanly and decent than we had been led to expect. The window of the low front room, which was large and rather bowed, still retained the remains of its former shop-like appearance, was modestly screened in the inside by a green curtain; and the step of the door was nicely scoured and sanded.

On entering, we were struck with the establishment-like appearance of the room. Rows of common tin tea-pots were ranged along the dresser. As for the shelves, they literally lined the walls, well filled with plates, dishes, and tea-ware. The landlady came forward to meet us, a tall genteel woman, with the manners of one apparently used to

better society. After putting down our groat, and giving into her hand a certain garment wrapped in a handkerchief, in case of accidents, we were told that the men's kitchen was in the next house, the first door on the right hand side,



in the entry. By this, we found that the threshold on which we then stood, was no less than the high quarters reserved for the barrack-master himself. Accordingly, we saluted our

for No. 12; but, before going in, we took the liberty to make a survey of this "Vagabond's Home!" and, in troth, it did well deserve that name.

The low front room or parlour, whose fate it was now to be the Cadger's Kitchen, had certainly the same shop-like appearance as that of No. 13—but there the likeness ended. The door, which led into the street, instead of having the clean, welcome, and open look of its neighbour, was fast nailed up, and bore evident marks that many a sick man had leaned against it. The door-light—the window above the door—had been taken out, or what is more likely, knocked out, and its place supplied with a wooden shutter, which was raised up during the day, to let in the light, and air: and as for the window itself, with the exception of a few panes of glass in the centre, here and there patched with brown paper, it was almost wholly made up with squares of wood—giving ocular proof that glass was of a very brittle nature in St. Giles's.

After satisfying ourselves thus far, we proceeded to explore the interior. A narrow passage ran between the houses, and led into a tolerably large court, which, with those two, contained the number of houses already stated. At the foot of this entry stood two or three Mell Flanders looking husseys,

who, it may be supposed, did not neglect a passing salute. Farther up the yard, were some half-dozen fellows, in parti-coloured dresses, (and not over particular about shoes and stockings) smoking their cutties, and gambling at pitch-penny.

We next proceeded to the kitchen—and a den-like retreat it was—dark and gloomy from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass, it seemed well calculated to harbour felon thoughts. The room itself was moderate enough in size—a good fire, and an excellent grate, containing a copper of boiling water, always kept full by a pipe conveyed to it from a cask raised on one side of the fire-place, was all that we could see that approached to anything like luxury or comfort. Beneath this cask lay a heap of coke and coal, and a coal-heaver's shovel leaned against the wall, at the service of any one who loved a cheerful hearth. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew of no other purifier save the birchen broom; and the latter, a dirty red—a daub long since and clumsily made. A cuckoo-clock ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large deal table, at which sat the landlord playing at cards with a couple of ruffian-like fellows. A small table (whose old-fashioned,

crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more honoured place; but the rough deal covering with which it had been repaired, denoted that it was now only fit for *cadger's plate*)—stood at the other end of the room, behind the door. A man, in a decent but faded suit of clothes, sat on one side—his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half-buried within them—he was, apparently, asleep. The white apron, that was wrapped round his waist, clearly proclaimed to what class he belonged—the “Begging Tradesmen.” A few things, tied to a blue handkerchief, rested on one side of his head; and a parcel of ballads, his whole stock-in-trade, lay on the other. Before the fire, warming his back, stood a short, thick-set man, humming the air of a vulgar ditty; his hands were thrust into the pockets of a velvet shooting jacket, ornamented with large ivory buttons, such as are commonly worn by cabmen and other tap-room blackguards. His countenance was by no means too dark and sinister-looking to be honest, and, as he occasionally floured us with a few friendly and professional glances from beneath a white *coarse-cloth* apron, his white brow, it instinctively, as it were, *beckoned* us to follow him—the prisoner at the bar.”

On a form against the wall sat a *man* in a *black* suit, with

a beard like a hermit, all fluttering in rags—the very emblem of wretchedness. He was relieving his uneasiness by giving his back every now and then, a comfortable rub against the wall. A little on one side of this forlorn being, at the head of the table where the landlord sat, was a character that



could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer, a stout active young man, in the very perfect costume of a cadger. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, and of which



there yet remained a sleeve and a half; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in shreds. A few tatters were arranged around his nether parts, but they could scarcely be said to cover his nakedness; and as for shoes, stockings, and shirt, they doubtless had been neglected, as being of no professional use. A kind of a hat (which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim) ornamented as villanous a looking head as ever sat upon a pair of shoulders—carrotty hair, that had as much pliancy as a stubble field—a low receding forehead—light grey eyes, rolling about, with as much regery in them as if each contained a thief—a broad, snubby nose—a projecting chin, with a beard of at least a month's growth—the whole forming no bad resemblance to a rough, red, wiry-haired, viscious terrier dog, whose face had been half-bitten off by hard fighting. He was the very type of a hedge ruffian, and a most proper person to meet any one "by moonlight alone."

—— "He looked as if his blood  
 "Had crept thro' scoundrels ever since the Flood."

The very sight of this model of *bona fide* London vagrancy, with all her train, before our eyes—*trampers*, tinker's wives, bull dogs, donkeys, creels, *knags*, and all

the trumpery of a gipsy's camp. This elegant individual, we found afterwards, answered to the very proper appellation of "Cadger Jack." He was leaning over the table, resting his arms on a bundle of matches, and grumbling heavily about the times, "Cadging," he said, "was gone to the devil! He had been out ever since the morning, and had not yet broke his fast; but if he lived till Monday, he would go to the lord mayor." Here he used some emphatic language, and swore he would not stir until he got relief.

"You will get three months to the tread-mill," observed a woman, sitting opposite (the only one in the room, and a happy compound between the slut and the sot).

He d—d the tread mill, declared he had played at up and down before now—and would go—they were compelled to give him something—the law did not suffer any man to starve, and so on.

He was rattling on in his way, without any one paying the least attention to what he said, when a lad about fourteen, decently dressed, came in, carrying a box. He placed himself beside the window, and began to display the contents of his trunk, offering for sale several respectable articles of clothing for mere trifles.

"Go home, boy," said a man who had just come in, with

his arms loaded with good things). "What brought you here? do you want to be ruined? you have run away, you young rascal, and stole them things."

The younker, who was the very image of a spoiled child and natural vagabond, replied with all the pertness and insolence of one that had been over indulged, "that the things were his—he had paid for his lodgings, and nobody had any right to do with him."

"When did he come here?" enquired the man, (the landlord by this time had gazed out).

"On Thursday," he was answered.

"It is a shame," he said, "to take in so young a boy; he should have a stick laid across his back, and sent home again."

In defence of the landlord, it was argued, that if he did not take him in, others would; and that his things were safe here, which might not be the case elsewhere. This was admitted by our moralizer to be very true.

"Howsomever," observed he, "all I know is this—that if the young dog is not already a thief, I know that he has come to the right place to become one."

"Aye, that he has," drawled out a hater and long evening fellow, rolling his eyes and shaking his head, "and he will be a

had been stretched his full length, laying upon his face, the sluggard's favourite position. Hogarth, or Joe Lisle, or any other character hunter, might have taken this youth for the very Son of Idleness. There might alternately be traced in his heavy features sluggard, loon, fool, and rascal. "Aye, that's very true," he observed, "it was coming to St. Giles's that was the ruin of me; and them there lasses," pointing to a ruddy-faced girl, who had just popped her brazen front in at the door, and who, in return for his salutation, politely placed her finger on one side of her nose, then raising the hinder part of her body touched it, in a style that would scarcely be tolerated at St. James's.

"Ah, you imp of Satan!" he bellowed out, as the young vixen scampered away between a dance and a run, and again commenced his story:

"It was coming to St. Giles's, I was saying, was the ruin of me. I robbed my father, but I got clear of that; then I robbed my mother, I got turned away for that; my sisters took me in, I robbed them, and was first to cut; at last, my aunt pitied and took care of me, I robbed her too. But I got three month for that, and—"

"Hold your tongue, you ass," exclaimed half-a-dozen

voices, "the booby's mad, and should be sent to St. Luke's.

At this rebuff the hopeful youth grinned a grin something like the triumph of a fool glorying in his shame ; then thrusting his hand into his bosom, was for a few moments lost in heavenly bliss, enjoying that most ecstatic of enjoyments, which King Jamie, of clawing memory, says, ought always to be reserved for kings—scratching ; then rolled himself down again, to have a little more folding of the arms, and a little more slumber.



## CHAPTER IV.

## A BEGGAR'S REPAST.

OUR friend, who had such singular ideas in a cadging house of what ought to be, was himself but one of those who existed by his wits. Two pieces of leather hung round his feet and ankles, which for resemblance came nearer to sandals than boots. The rest of his garb, of course, corresponded.

We observed before, that, when he came in, he had his arms full of good things—among which were a sixpenny cottage-loaf, half a pound of butter, two ounces of coffee, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half-a-dozen eggs. He now busied himself in putting those things in order, and quietly suffered the promising boy to take his wif down to the road to ruin. The loaf he cut down into substantial slices, and covered them well and thickly with the rich cream of the cow; he put the *shot* of the coffee into the pan and boiled and simmered it with such attention as clearly

showed that, at least in the culinary department, he was a man of taste ; and although he did not mix with his beverage any of that much-talked-of continental stuff—succory, yet such was the sweet-smelling odour, as the steam wafted by us, that we could not help thinking that such highly-



flavoured drink could not fail to find favour, even in the nostrils of the very Ottoman himself. This being done, he placed it upon the table, and called loudly for his mate.

And here it may be necessary to observe, that your professed vagabonds who live unmarried, always associate in pairs—like the soldier with his comrade, and the sailor with his messmate ; it is probably owing to so many of the latter being members of this fraternity, that this seafaring phrase has become to be adopted. Be that as it may, however, the cadger and his mate sleep together, mess together, and share each other's good and bad luck ; the most prudent of the two being always the purser.

The individual who answered to the call was a short, punchy, filthy animal, of middle age, half covered with rags. His breast was as bare and as highly coloured as the chest of a Red Indian ; owing, perhaps, to sleeping in the open air, or laying among the cinder heaps of glass-houses. Jamie, for that was his name, was, however, a professed gentleman of the road ; had an eye as sleepy and as cunning as a cat ; and, to use his low jargon, was “up to summat,” and knew “what was what.”

His mate passed a few jokes upon him, at his skill in gulling swells, and taking in flats ; for he was considered an adept. Jamie chuckled at the compliments, and smiled at what was before them. They then fell to the viands, and



ate with the hearty gusto of robust health. The eggs were certainly boiled too hard; but that defect they took good care to remedy, by softening them well with nice fresh



butter, neither crying "Halt!" until there remained not the shadow of crust.

After this slight refection, like the rest of the *garrison* who

live by their means, they wiped their chins with their napkins—the cuffs of their coats—arose, and went out to that sink of ruin, the gin shop, to rinse their teeth with a little rum, that being the favourite stimulus of the begging tribe. The two-penny dram of pure Jamaica is preferred by them, and particularly those who live in the country, to any other kind of malt, or spirituous liqueurs.



## CHAPTER V.

AN EVENING MEAL—A FEAST FOR AN  
ALDERMAN

ALL the wandering race, such as pedlars, tramps, and hawkers of small ware, whose pursuits are in the open air, and which lead them, during the day, to an uncertain distance from their residence, never have more meals than their breakfast and their tea. But as the most of these people are no enemies to good living, they usually contrive to have their morning affair as much in the Scotch fashion as possible, and their evening refection to unite the substantiability of the English dinner, with the refreshing qualities of the tea table. Between six and seven is the hour which they in general retire from the labours of the day; and as this was the time the lodgers were now crowding in, every one carrying the eatables he intended to use, which usually consist of half a pound of bacon, quarter of a pound of butter,

a pennyworth of tea or coffee, with as much sugar. These are placed upon a half-quartern loaf, and carried in one hand; and, if eggs are in season, three or four may be seen clutched in the other.

In London, and other large towns, these people, when their finances will permit, indulge in all the luxury of the cook-shop and the flesher's stall; but in country places, there is not such a variety, the bacon—a red herring, and the *et ceteras*, are mostly their choice.

Among the people who now made their appearance, were certainly some two or three labourers, but the rest were all of that stamp who scorn to live by the sweat of their brow. The frying pan was put into active motion. A couple, a man and his wife,—who by their appearance, no one would suppose that they ever partook of anything save crusts and scraps, filled the pan with nice mutton chops, by way of a relish to their bohea. Eggs and bacon, ham and eggs, ham, beef-steaks, (aye, of the prime rump, too,) mutton chops, sausages, saveloys, &c., &c., were all now with rapidity, and in their turn, soon smoking, fuming, and frying upon the fire, raising a smell almost powerful enough to satisfy the moderate cravings of a Frenchman's appetite.

The whole of the food that we could perceive that had

been gathered from door to door, was one solitary plate of broken bread, which was before a broad-shouldered and able-bodied match seller; and even he, before he would allow such refuse to take its descent down his gullet, took especial care to plaster well every piece with good fresh butter—washing the whole down with an excellent cup of coffee.

It might have afforded a fine treat to the searcher after life and manners, to have observed the rough and ragged scene that was now before us. The kitchen at times was crowded to excess; and, amid the clattering of plates, fuss of cooking, and confusion of tongues, men, women, and children, feasting, drinking, singing, and card-playing, while some two or three might be seen wiling away the painful effects of an empty pocket by a soothing whiff from the favourite cutty, occasionally a half naked brute, in the shape of a man or a woman, would stagger in, their heads nodding on their shoulders, like the equally sensible and oblivious looking pate of a Chinese figure in a grocer's window; and if there was space enough, would reel a step or two, and then measure their length upon the floor, muttering sundry threatening sounds. These, of course, were soon picked up, and in their attempts to play at *a la Randall*, had their arms carefully pinioned, their bodies placed upon a seat, and laid

against the wall; or, if there was room enough, were accommodated with a stretch upon the form, to snooze themselves fresh again—dreaming of the sweets of gin, and the joys of a begging life.

But perhaps a sketch or so of those strange beings, with a little of their interesting slang, will be the better way to describe such a group. By the bye, this is the place for character—the cadging house is the very spot for the pourtrayer of life, who wishes to lay claim to any thing like originality;—here Nature has her full scope, and affectation rarely shows her face.

As we were sitting, noting the various particulars that were continually passing before our eyes, and as the Poet says, catching “the manners living as they rise,” a thumping step was heard coming along the passage. The door opened, and a wooden-legged weather-beaten seaman, past the meridian, with a pot of beer in one hand and a bag in the other, showed his phiz. He was dressed in the usual sailor’s garb, jacket and trousers, with a black handkerchief slung round his neck, and a low-crowned glazed hat on his head. The immense breadth of his shoulders, solidity of chest, with a neck like the “lord of the pasture,” gave him the weighty bearing and bold front of an eighty-four, while his open,

bluff, and manly countenance at once proclaimed him to be the true man-of-war's man, and tar of old England. Jack's story is soon told:—besides being a King George's man, he had been a bold smuggler, and had his starboard leg carried away in an affray with the Custom sharks.

We were struck with something like admiration at beholding such a model of the favourite class of this country, and very naturally followed his motions, taking an interest in every little peculiarity, they being exactly what have been represented by Smollett, and other naval sketchers, as the characteristics of a tar of the old school.

Jack thumped away to a seat, clapped his hat of hair upon the table, and threw down his hat alongside. He then very gravely took out of his mouth a tolerable sized pipe of tobacco, and having safely deposited ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> pipe in his jacket pocket, so, the next moment, a tureen of mulled beer juice below the band. These preliminaries being over, he proceeded to rummage forth the contents of his bag; and among the odds and ends, hauled out a substantial piece of the wing of an ox, and showed that his cruise had not been a bad one. With this goodly blunter of the keen edge of hungry appetite securely clutched in his fist, it may be supposed that the jack-knife did not lag behind; indeed, he had evidently

enjoyed many a north-easter, for his appetite appeared to be of that sort which brooks no delay ; never once allowing him to answer the many questions that were addressed to him, as “ What cheer to-day, Jack ? ” &c., or so much as to give his grinders one moment’s rest, save, and only then when he took a hearty pull at Messrs. Perkins and Co.

This highly-refreshing task being over, he handed a portion of his grub, and a draught of porter, to a decently-dressed young man, who had apparently nothing to chew, save his own thoughts. Then drawing from his pocket his old crony—the pipe, and stretching forth his timber toe, to feel as it were at home, commenced addressing the young fellows follows. And here let us remind the reader, that it will be impossible for us to describe a dialogue among this class, which is of the lowest of the low, in the language of polished society ; we will therefore, in lieu of the emphatic words with which they generally garnish their conversation, use the delicate but meaning dashes ————.

“ Harry,” says the tar, “ have you not been at work to-day, that you look so devilish blue ? ” (working, by the bye, is the honest word used by those honest people for begging, they having no correct an idea of what is meant by respectable terms as *poor* or *respectable* fellow men).



"Work! Aye," replied Harry, "I went out this morning with Williams. We worked all the way to Piccadilly, then down the Haymarket, along Pall Mall, and were, just beginning with some ladies in the Park, when we were stopped by a policeman, and very nigh got tapped, and ——— if I could raise heart to cadge any more."

"Aye," cried Jack, "you were always a hard-hearted dog; but, howsomever, I had a brush to-day myself with one of those hind sharks. As I was crossing St. Martin's-lane, I saw a carriage full of ladies standing at a shop door. Up I stumped, and was just about to doff my castor (hat), when a brood on the shoulder, with 'what do you want doing for riding?' turned me; and there I met the ugly face of a devil in blue. 'What's time to you?' says I. 'Oh, I thought you were going to beg,' says I. 'Did you,' says I. 'Oh I had, I would have taken care not to have been such a—— look as I let you see me!' 'Well, well, go on, go on,' says he, 'I'll be on one side and watched till my master had crossed the way, and then I about again, and, blow me, if I ever let that young ladies—into the prime (in she was!)—did not for me, I would (give me).'"

A remarkably fine-looking woman with a pair of sparkling blue eyes, and a long white apron, who was standing before

with a plate of sausages to his evening souchong, here observed that there were yet some good fellows among the police. "For instance," he said, "it was only the other day, as I was working at the Middle Row, Holborn, which is my regular beat, I edged a couple of swells. They bid me begone, or else they would call for the police. I laughed at them, and still tried it on, when one of them called to a blue devil, 'Take this fellow into custody,' says he, 'and I will appear against him to-morrow morning.' 'What's he been doing?' demanded the policeman. 'Begging,' answered the other. 'Oh, is that all?—well, if you will go on, sir, he will not trouble you.' 'Take him up directly, you scoundrel,' shouted the gentleman, 'or else, by —— I'll report you. The policeman laughed, and walked away, leaving the swells swearing like good-uns."

The youth, whom we have before noticed as being partial to a drowsy life, now put in his word, and gave his affirmation as to the honesty of the police. His beat as he called it, was between the foot of Ludgate Hill and Blackfriars Bridge, "and neither the man who formerly looked about for the pence, nor our predecessor, ever once interrupted him in his laudable endeavours to collect pence, although he did, embodied in the very face of the guardian of the public."

It was now admitted by the whole of the company that only keep off any glaring annoyance, and the police would never say you did wrong."

"Well, well," observed Jack, "I believe, after all, London is still the place. I was once put into limbo in Norfolk fourteen days, for simply asking a gentleman for a little money, and — me, if the constables there won't swear that old Belzoni is white, sooner than they will let a man clear. And now," said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, "I must to work once more, or else there will be short allowance to-morrow. I know."

At this there was a general movement among the company; even the stuggard himself raised up his heavy lamp of a body, as if necessity had just given him a call,—yawned and fumbled with his hands about his head and breast. For, be it known, that these ease-loving people have as great a respect for the sabbath, as Sir Andrew Agnew himself; not that they care anything for such a place as a church, but for that inherent dislike which the whole tribe have to anything in the shape of labour, and which induces them to make an extra push on a Saturday night, in order that they may enjoy the Sunday as a holiday, with the rest of the labouring classes. It must likewise not be forgotten, that the police

are rather indulgent on a Saturday night, but more watchful on the Lord's day.

"Where shall we stand?" demanded a tape and thimble seller to a dealer in matches. "Tottenham Court, or Clare Market."

"Clare Market, to be sure!" answered the other; and we will have a drop of rum at the new gin-shop. I had half a pint there this morning with Morgan, and it was prime."

"Come, Blacksmith," (the name given to the fellow whom we had designated the sloth,) said a half-naked lad, with a strong Irish accent, "Come, boy, come, we must be dodging."

"Aye," replied his heavy crony, "I suppose we must. Have you got any browns (pence) about you, Paddy?"

"Yes," said the Hibernian, "I can *stink* a *quarth* on."

"Then, we'll go."

And accordingly they prepared: the sluggard in a soldier's flannel jacket, and a tattered pair of *bracks*, which was all that he considered requisite for the weather and his own particular profession. Paddy, a lean, pale-faced lad of eighteen, whose features bore the look of emaciation, from the continual use of tobacco—the pipe or quid never being out of his mouth, save at meals, (a short black stump now

ornamented his jaws—with a shirt upon his back that had been as much acquainted with soap as the owner's skin, and a thin pair of canvass trousers, was the finish complete to this vagabond's costume. Away they went, in the true shipwrecked sailor-begging style—their arms folded, bodies bent, and lifting their feet at every step, as if they were afraid to touch the ground for cold, and which contributed to give them that rocking gait so peculiar to the sons of the ocean—their whole frames, too, shivering as if the frosty breath of Old Winter was stealing through their veins—the sluggard to whine and cry for melting charity at the foot of Ludgate Hill, and Paddy, in his shirt, to cadge, at ten o'clock at night, in the windiest nook on Blackfriars Bridge.



## CHAPTER VI.

## A QUIET SCENE.

THE kitchen was now nearly empty. 'A candle in a brass candlestick was placed upon each table by the under deputy, which, with the help of a good fire, made the room feel somewhat comfortable, and even cheerful. Some two or three individuals still continued to shuffle the cards; and as many women placed themselves by the fire, with their legs stretched upon the forms, to smoke and beguile away the time, until "their men," as they termed them, would come back; while perhaps two or three of the "swinish multitude" might be heard snoring away their stimulus in a corner, in sounds both loud and deep.

On a Saturday evening, from the hours of eight and nine, until eleven, every cadging house is in general particularly quiet, for the reasons we have already stated; none ever going out to work on a Sunday (the sweepers of crossings,

(of course, excepted), but those who are compelled from sheer necessity.

The room for some time enjoyed a tolerable degree of stillness. The master and an old female domestic occasionally entered, and made their exit. A lodger or so came home, and busied themselves in getting their refreshments. Two or three females dropped in from the women's kitchen, just by the way of having a little gossip; and, as is usual with the angelic part of the creation, scandal was the topic; how that such a one had been "carrying on," as they phrased it, all the week, getting drunk every day, and that they had never paid the landlord; and how that Mr. So-and-so was grumbling, as well he might; and how that Tom What-d'ye-call-him was going to be parted from Bet What's-her-name; "and, to tell the truth, no one pitied her; she came home *mortal* (insensibly intoxicated) twice or thrice a day, and what man *could* stand that? He had all but murdered her, the other night, but it was to no purpose; for she had taken every rag he had, even the very shirt off his back, and put them up the spout (the pawn-shop) this very morning. But as for Tom himself, he was as sober and as decent a man as ever entered a house, rarely ever seen the worse for drink above twice or thrice a week, &c., &c. With such

lady-like discourse as this, then, did those paterns of excellent nature while away the time, not forgetting too, every now and then, to strengthen their language with a few powerful asseverations.

From this interesting group, we turned to observe a few individuals staggering in, when a tall countryman, with his hat slouched over his ears, and one of those velvet shooting-jackets, which we have before noticed, and which indeed is the flash coat of low life, following close after, caught our attention. The sleeves of his jerkin were slit here and there, and the white shirt (the only one we had seen that night) protruding through the rents, gave it a good deal of the appearance of the slashed doublet of former days. As he advanced into the room, we soon recognised an old acquaintance in Harry ——, of ——, in Yorkshire.

This man who now stood before us, is one of the many instances, that are to be met with in those dens, of the strange vicissitudes of life. His youth was reared in one of the first boarding schools in Yorkshire, and, for many years, he was well known at Doncaster market as a gentleman farmer; nor is it a great while ago, since this very man might be seen dashing along those streets in his one-horse chaise. But, alas! what is he now? A crawler from doer



to door with matches, or, when he can raise sufficient pence to purchase a stock of ballads, may be seen standing in the streets, straining himself to amuse the rabble—the inmate of a cadging house, and the companion of the lowest of the low. So much, then, for gambling and a jovial life. Notwithstanding his education, and the good society in which he must have moved, there was yet nothing of the remains of a gentleman about him; a considerable share of the fool and profligate was naturally engrafted in his character. A large black mark, in the shape of a half-moon, appeared to have been strongly indented by hard knuckles, below the left visual organ,—ornaments that are as frequently to be seen upon the inhabitants of St. Giles's, as rings are upon the visitors of St. James's. His ruffianly country dress, clownish manners, broad dialect of canny Yorkshire, with a certain cunning cast of the eye,—contracted no doubt by peering through the hedge, to see if the gamekeeper was *coming*,—all contributed to exhibit him before us, as the very *beau idéal* of a poacher.

“York! York!” was vociferated from different parts of the room, and to all of which the *lifer*, or rather the bitten, answered, with good-humoured smiles. “He had just come in,” he said, “to see if his mate was come hyem yet; but

as he had not, he thought he could guess right weel where he wad be, and wad just step o'er to Brown's (the gin-shop) and see."

Away he went, and, in about ten minutes time, a roaring, roistering party was heard coming to the door. York entered, his arms loaded with eggs and bacon, and a glass or two the merrier. A Deaf-Burke-made fellow, an Irishman, half labourer and half beggar, who went under the name of Harlequin, reeled by his side in a state of high elevation, with two or three hangers-on, that trod close to their heels. Harlequin, filled with drink and overflowing with vanity, overwhelmed every one with noise and kindness.

The plates, &c., were soon put in order, and York showed himself no dispicable cook. He made the tea, fried the eggs and bacon, and as if not to be outdone in loving kindness by his mate, now loudly proclaimed, "that if ony man was in want of *summat* to eat, to come forward; for there was plenty for all.

A man, who had been sleeping behind the table, roused himself up at the invitation, and expressed his willingness for a cup of tea.

"Nay, I'll be—— if thou shall," says York; "thou's been drunk, man, fra night till morning, and fra morning till

night, these three weeks ; and I say that a man that can find money to drink, can find money to eat. "To get drunk," he said, turning to the company, "the matter of twice or thrice a week, is a thing that any man is liable to, and I say that such a man is welcome to a cup of tea, and maybe *summat* to eat ; but to be always drink, drinking, I say again, that a man who can find money to drink, can find money to eat, and so he shall not have a drop ! "

During the latter part of this speech, the speaker's looks were directed towards the company, to see if it met with their approbation. Some two or three there were who drawled out that "it was right ; " but their assent seemed to be drawn from them, more in expectation of the good things that York was about to give away, than from any real coincidence with his opinion—even such cadging house morality as this, appeared to be too rigid for their notions of right and wrong. As for the man himself, whose drowsy and dissipated looks certainly presented the very picture of a sot, quietly swallowed the affront, and laid himself down again to sleep.

The Yorkshireman, however, had apparently set his own conscience to rest, and seemed to care very little about the

tranquillity of the other. He handed a piece of bacon to one, and a cup of tea to another; then thrusting a rasher into his own mouth, much in the style of a terrier griping a rat, chewed, bolted, swallowed, and gorged, until he had completely stuffed the inward man.

There was a fine contrast of national character between the Yorkshireman and his mate. The Irishman was all puff, blarney, and brag, and all the time had been in a humour either to fight or to shake hands. Nothing would serve him but to play at cards with every one of the company, offering the most tremendous odds; but, fortunately for him, there was not another purse-proud man in the room but himself. One poor fellow in particular, on whom he fastened, and who distinctly stated that he had no money, or else he would hazard a game. But this only served to set the Hibernian's froth in motion. He stormed, roused himself upon his legs, towered, and gave vent to a burst of blarney.

"Now, d—— it," says York, "I dinna like that—I dinna like it at all; attack a man that has *summat*, I say, and not one that has nought, and then that will luck *mair* like a man!" And with such hearty John Bull notions as these did *canny* Yorkshire browbeat his crony of the sister kingdom.

Some remarks were now made upon York's black eye, and various remedies proposed—such as the application of a piece of raw flesh, &c., to all of which the *Bite* did seriously incline, for, as he said, “It lucked scandalous-like to see a man with a black eye. But,” says he, “Mike O’Brady maybe thinks he got clear of that; but, ye hear me say, he’s mistaken? I was the other day at Epsom Races, and spent every ha’penny; and as I was coming off the course I met Tom ——, (a fellow, from whose appearance no one would suppose was worth two-pence, but who, in reality, was a partner of one of those gambling-tables which are carried to fairs and races), and asked him for three-pence to get a pint of *yell*. He pulled out ten shillings, and said I mot hae the loan of five pounds ony day; and when Doncaster races comes, I think I can raise other fifteen” (and to show this was no vannt, thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulled out a handfull of the sinews of war—shillings and half-crowns), “that will be twenty, we’ll make a match on it;” and raising his fist and his voice together, ‘we will then see which is the best man.’”

At this a tremendous row was heard at the door. St.

Giles's was just beginning his orisons. Loud shouts, hard blows, and deep oaths were heard, with cries for the policeman, and "Murder, murder," from powerful lungs. In a twinkling the kitchen was emptied, and then came the din of strife—struggling, heavy falls, swearing, the policeman's voice, and the roar of all parties.

As soon as this animated but common affair was over, the company returned; the most of whom seemed to think it scarcely worthy of further notice; but not so with Harlequin. The Irishman was outrageous—like the war-horse, his mettle was put in motion, he whooped and bellowed, and was all kicking for a row; threw off his jacket, displaying the upper part of his body in a state of nudity, and with his clenched hand slapped his breast, which sounded like a board; then striking out, right and left, two sun-burnt arms of bone, like Ossian's heroes of old, cleaving the air with their arms for the coming fight swore that he had got one black eye, and by the Holy Mother Church and Daniel O'Connell, would not lay head upon pillow this very night until he got another.

At last, after much coaxing, pulling, and hauling, he was dragged to a seat, and John Barleycorn finally over-

came him, and delivered him for a time safely into the arms of Morpheus.

York sank down upon a seat, stretched his arms over the table, buried his head between them, and in an extremely short space of time, *Old Tom* gave notice that he too was fast acting as an opiate upon *canny* Yorkshire.



## CHAPTER VI.

## A LITTLE LITERARY CONVERSATION.

QUIETNESS was again restored. A group had gathered around the fire, to amuse themselves with a little chat. Among which was an attorney's clerk out of place, in the last stage of sottishness and vagrancy ; a drunken mechanic ; and a kind of decent itinerant, very pedagogue-like, an inveterate reader of the *Twopenny Police Dispatch* (the only paper the landlord took in), and a stout advocate of the Holy mother church and Daniel O'Connell, the father of the people, as he styled him. A few ungentlemanly words were exchanged between this small politician and a staunch supporter of the English Church ; several topics were descanted upon, among which was the character of Wellington and his campaigns. A short but lively description was given of the Battle of Vittoria, by an old soldier in a labourer's dress.



Wellington, it was said, was not the man he was, or else the papers did not speak the truth; and, certainly, a few glaring facts were produced that they could, at least at times, make a mistake. This brought on a discussion about the management of newspapers.

One talkative fellow maintained that one newspaper was but merely a copy of another; but this assertion was clearly set aside, and the duties of an Editor and Reporter nicely discriminated, by a very equivocal sort of a *gemman*, in a great coat, whom we strongly suspected was somewhat related to the Swell Mob.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GAMING TABLE.

THE cards had been in constant motion,—either two or three, or more, engaged with them during the whole of the evening. The card party was now augmented to about sixteen or eighteen, all players and betters, not one of whom could boast of such a thing as a shirt, save the landlord, who at this moment presided as director in chief of the ceremonies, every deference being paid to the lord of the house, as “Master this,” and “Master that,” and “Master the other.”

Twopence to fourpence was the sum which each put down at every stake, and it was astonishing to observe how rapidly the coins were transported from one pocket to another.

“D— — it,” says a match-seller, “there goes eighteen-

pence. I brought in two shillings, I'll now not have enough left for my Sunday's dinner."

All this was said with the most perfect good humour, and at the same time putting down the other stake.

Occasionally one of those fiend-like looks, which are said to be so conspicuous at the splendid hells, might be seen stealing even across this low swindling table. But, upon the whole, the party was very sociable, winning and losing their money with the utmost equanimity of temper.

We observed more than one put down their last penny, and then light their pipes and walk out, puffing and humming away, in search of more.



## CHAPTER IX.

## AN UNDER-DEPUTY.

A STRANGE phenomenon about this time grinned in at the door, his face all wrinkled with age and smiles, and an extremely short pipe in his mouth, which was no other than Ben, the under-deputy, a snub-nosed, hard-featured, squat old boy, with a horn lantern in his hand, to see if any body wanted to turn in (go to bed).

As this individual is a fine specimen of the class to which he belongs, a slight sketch, perhaps, may not be unnecessary.

The deputies, we have before stated, are the men-servants of those establishments, they being better adapted as the waiters of these noisy houses than women. Ben our present subject, had all his life been a roadsman, and lived, as the professional phrase goes the best way he could ; and now,

in his old days, when his legs had become rather heavy for a tramp, had secured to himself that comfortable retreat—under-butler of the Beggar's Hall. He was well calculated to be the drudge of a common lodging house;—laborious, dull, and good-natured, answering every call, with as much patience as Francis in Henry the Fourth, with his “Anon anon!” He could sit up night and day—neither age nor toil seemed to have made much impression on his sinewy and hardened frame; indeed, to use the common saying, he was considered by all to be a durable slave.

Besides these serviceable qualities, Ben was considered a great favourite with the lodgers; was never known to utter a testy word, save and only then, when the *‘bacco* grew short; like the rest of his tribe, he was an eternal smoker. This misfortune however, in being short of Virginia, was seldom of long duration. He never kept that event a secret; and, on such occasions, what could any honest-hearted cadger do, but offer their pouch to the willing old lad?

To light the lodgers to bed, was Ben's regular task—from eleven at night till three during the week, and until four on the Sunday morning.

At this numerous, one or two who had become drowsy through the powerful influence of the pipe or pot, roused

themselves upon their legs—stretched their arms out, and yawned, which was as much as to say, “they would follow,” Ben took the hint, and moved on with his lantern, like an ostler leading horses to the stable, to show to which house in the building, and to what room, they were to repose their precious selves.



## CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN;—AND A LITTLE  
UNKNOWN.

THE kitchen was again getting crowded. The fire once more gave notice that it was busy with chops and steaks ; and as for the gambling-table, it had literally become thronged. The bawlers of catch-penny papers, or “book-sellers,” as they styled themselves, were now beginning to make their appearance, in parties of three or four ; every one having a copy of the news he had been so loudly proclaiming stuck in the front of his hat, with that awful word, “murder,” printed in large letters as the head-line ; or the more melancholy announcement of the dying speech of one John So-and-so. They busied themselves in arranging their papers and dividing the gains.

We have before noticed that these people have partners or mates. A quarrel was now about to take place between a

publisher and his Co. The Co. swearing that the principal was going to put him in the hole (cheat him) ; but after a recasting up of accounts, business was at length amicably adjusted. These lung-labourers then threw away all further care for the night, and each sought after his own individual amusement—as smoking, eating, gambling, and larking.

A singular being now entered the kitchen—one who would have afforded a fine treat to such observers as Sir Walter and the American Irving—those accurate delineators of the human race. Such places as these, we have before observed, teem with originality ; they, in fact, run wild (if we may so use the expression) with character.

The man, (for the creature was in masculine garb,) was between four and five feet high ; he was long armed, and one leg was rather longer than the other, which caused one of his shoulders to rise a little when he walked or stood, and which gave his shoulders, which were naturally broad, a very square appearance.

He was dressed in one of those flash coats already described whose full make, too, by no means diminished his breadth. A kind of shawl crossed his neck, or rather bosom, for his neck, was bare, in a style as if arranged by the hand of a female ; and underneath of which peeped two corners of his



shirt. His features were of that kind, that carried precisely the expression of those of a masculine woman; and when he spoke, it was a perfect puzzle to the stranger, to know whether he heard the voice of a man or a woman.

The creature himself (as if conscious of those singularities) affected a superior degree of manliness. Swaggered around the room, his hat half pulled over his brows, and slouched a little on one side; assuming the scowling look of a bully, and at times the flashy air of a gallant.

He had a wife; and, as if that was not enough for any man, likewise had a mistress; and, to show that he was a professed admirer of the kind of Eve, took hold of his mistress when he entered with one hand, and waving the other above his head, sung "My love is like the red, red rose," in a voice at once powerful and sweet. Then taking her upon his knee struck up "the light, the light guitar," in a style so exquisitely musical and rich, as fairly to disturb the card-table, and draw from the whole company a thundering round of applause, with "Bravo, Bill!"

He appeared to be a creature of great spirit and vivacity, dashed about, throwing himself into pugilistic attitudes, and striking out, right and left, at his cronies, in sportive play, using at the same time the true slang of low, blackguard

life ; as, with great emphasis, ‘ I’ll —— into you, your—— pall ! ’ with a vast deal more of such high-toned language so appropriate for the gallant of a cadging house.\* He fell a capering, singing all the while with great animation, and beating time most elegantly with heel and toe, and giving vent to the fulness of his spirits in shouts, as “ He hows,” “ the Cadger Lad,” “ A roving life for me,” &c. ; and, catching hold of his wench again, thrust his hand into his bosom —pulled out a handful of silver ; swore, bravadoed,—squirted tobacco juice in the grate, and boasted of always being able to earn his ten shillings a day, and thought nothing of picking up a guinea in the same time at a race or fair. †

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\* See Glossary at end.

† This portrait, with the whole of the work, was written, and given to the publisher of one of the first magazines of the day, in November 1834, and the following report appeared in the papers in February 1835, and which, we think, authenticates pretty clearly the correctness of our statement. The reader will perceive a likeness.

## HATTON GARDEN.

### EXTRAORDINARY CASE——A MAN-WOMAN.

A creature in the garb of a man, who at the station-house had given the name of Bill Chapman, was placed at the bar with one Isabella

This money-making man, it may be supposed, was a street singer; and was reported to be a native of that country

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Watson, and complained of for being a common cheat and impostor, and creating a disturbance.

Oakley, inspector of the E division, stated that although the thing before them, that called itself Bill Chapman, was attired in man's apparel, he had ascertained that it was a woman.

Mr. Bennett, who was very much surprised, looked steadfastly at the prisoner and asked her name.

Prisoner (speaking in a rough manner.) "It is Mary Chapman."

Mr. Bennett. "I never saw a figure more like a man, and the voice is manly."

Oakley. "I have known her at least ten years, and she always appeared in a dress similar to the one she now wears, namely, a hat, smock-frock, trousers, or knee-breeches, and until last night I always supposed her to be a man. She is known all over England as a ballad-singer and a crier of 'The last dying speeches,' &c."

Mr. Bennett. "She may be a disorderly and disreputable character, which, in fact, her dressing as a man clearly shows, but I know of no law to punish her for wearing male attire."

Oakley. "She travels the country with a woman named Isabella Watson, and they are both known at every race-course and fair as ballad-singers, and considered to be man and wife."

Mr. Bennett. "She may have more than one reason for dressing in that manner, and passing as the husband of the woman Watson, and I wish it was in my power to imprison her."

Oakley. "For upwards of seven years she has occasionally lodged with Watson, at Mr. ——— in ——— street, St. Giles's, and they always passed as man and wife; and, moreover, Chapman smokes;

—the land of leeks and cheese ; that place where goats are said to abound—Wales.

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and whenever Watson gives her any offence, she beats her and blackens her eyes, though Watson is so much taller and apparently stronger.”

Mr. Bennett. “It is a very extraordinary case. What have you to say, prisoner?”

Prisoner. “Isabella has lived with me as my companion for many years.”

Mr. Bennett. “Why do you dress as a man?”

Prisoner. “I own I am disguised, and it was owing to the cruelty of a father-in-law that I first dressed in this manner. I never did harm to any person. I have been all over the kingdom, and never was in prison in my life before.”

Mr. Bennett. “Well I should advise you to be careful: if I could punish you, I would.”

Isabella Watson. “The poor fellow has been with me hundreds of miles as my companion, and he never got into a scrape before.”

Mr. Bennett. “It is a case that puzzles me, but I must discharge the prisoner.”

The prisoner, who was chewing tobacco, then bowed his head, and walked out of the office with Isabella, who exclaimed, “Never mind, my lad, if we live a hundred years it will be in this manner.”

Watson is about five feet seven inches in height, with rather an intelligent countenance; and Chapman is not more than five feet high. Her hair is light brown, and cut short, the same as a man’s; and she has the gait of a man, and looks like a costermonger.

We agree with this account in every thing except the height of the individuals. The reporter, we think, is a little man, who always sees inches through a magnifier. The man-woman is the height we have

The landlord opened the door, and gave orders for the card players to cease ; it was twelve o'clock. The gamblers were loth, but the master was peremptory.

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stated, or rather less, and his wife is five feet two inches, instead of five feet seven. It is curious but nevertheless a fact, that, although this strange being had lodged for a number of years at the house alluded to, it was never known it was a woman, though at the same time it was never supposed that the creature was a man.



## CHAPTER XI.

THE LIFE OF LOW LIFE; OR THE GLORIOUS  
FINISH OF THE WEEK.

“YES!” snivelled a street-preacher and psalm singer, who could scarcely hold up his head for strong drink; “we are now entering upon the Lord’s day.”

“Aye,” observed a spouting vagabond, “it is so, old Mawworm, and you had better go to bed. You know you have your part to perform to-morrow.”

“Yes!” he answered, adding a little snuff to his other stimulants, and muttered something about “God willing.”

And now it was that the roar of revelry began—noise, disorder, and discord, all joined chorus. The players were let loose, and were giving vent to their different feelings, as ill or bad luck had attended them.

The lodgers were nearly all returned, every man and woman more or less in liquor. The boys of the Emerald

Isle were fast approaching to that state in which they are said to be in all their glory ; and nothing was now seen or heard but singing, swearing, cooking, eating, smoking, talking, larking, and quarrelling.

The first who broke the peace was a stout bare-footed fellow, a Welshman, who began beating his wife (a girl of the *pave*), for her excessive partiality for gin.

“ Are not you a pretty —— of a woman,” he exclaimed, with a voice as gruff as a ruffian’s could well be, “ to call yourself a man’s wife, to come home here, by ——, drunk, every night, while I am going about the streets all day long bawling myself hoarse ! ” and at the conclusion of every sentence sent her a blow of weight enough to lower one of his mountain bulls.

No one ever offered to interfere, although the woman’s face was already beginning to exhibit both blood and marks ; for, however that old right for a man to chastise his wife is repudiated in the other parts of society — in this corner — yet in these walks of life, this ancient usage still holds good. Here a man is considered perfectly in the right of using his strength of arm against his wife’s strength of *limbs*.

The fellow hammered away at his helpless helpmate with hard words and harder blows, threatening all the while to

separation, and extolling to their skies the beauties and perfections of another nymph, whom he swore he would join.

Just at this moment the lady in question made her appearance ; and, certainly, as far as personal looks, dress, and a more sober demeanour went, she was superior to the one in possession. The wife, who had borne beneath the weighty power of her husband, in as becoming a manner as a wife ought to do, now felt as if endowed with the nervous locks of Sampson ; fired with jealousy, and backed by *Old Tom* (gin), she sprung upon her rival, and, in a moment, ribbons, caps, and hair, were twisted in the clenched hand. Down went a table and one or two forms,—men, women, and children,—and up rose yells, screams, and oaths, with all the stormy joys of fight seconding the uproar. .

Old Ben rushed in, and did his utmost to restore order, but it was “no go,” as they would say—family affairs must be settled. The Amazons tugged and tore at each other, if not with the fury and hate of bull-dogs, at least like their mates. The wife had secured the sweetheart by the hair, and was taking a most merciless advantage, by keeping her down upon the floor, when a Scotch sailor, wishing, we suppose, to see a stand-up affair, unloosed her hold, and let the other escape. But Sawney had, at this time at least



reckoned without his host ; he had been wise, he had left, the devil alone ; for, loosing her vengeance, she turned all her remaining rage upon the northern, and soon made something trickle down his cheeks, of more consequence than tears.

The man never retaliated, but he was not without his friend. The woman who officiated as his wife—down with the child she had in her arms—flung off her shawl, and going up to the jade who had tickled her *gude mon*, poured forth a torrent of strong round words.

“Do you think,” she said, “that he has nobody to take his part, that you strike as if you were not to be struck again ? No, no !” she added, “he is no man who will strike a woman except she be his own wife ; but here, you —— ——, I am your,” &c., &c.

“Honour among thieves !” thought we, and here’s fair play among cadgers. The other, who, to use the phrase of the ring, was blood to the back bone, and in a most excellent humour to accept a challenge, was not very slow in putting herself in order for what is termed a regular.

Ben tried again for peace, but it was no use. The master was gone to the house in the Broadway, and the inmates here

were wild. No nails, or tugging of hair, was brought into this action, but everything settled in the true old English style of disputing.

These paragons of the tender sex then threw themselves into attitudes that would have done honour to a Mendoza; but Sawney's wife, who was a real Lady Barrymore hussey, proved the master at arms. Tall and bony, she slashed her opponent at arm's length, with the cutting force of a Curtis and presently ended her share of the fray.

The Welseman, after having seen his battered spouse taken care of, returned and going up to the Scotchman, very gravely said,

"Joe, I believe there is something between you and me. You were always a good 'un, but I cannot allow any man to meddle with my wife."

"Say no more," said the *canny* Scot; "it's all right. No man ever heard me say, nay."

"No never!" shouted the most of the company. "You were always a tramp!"

"Well then says Taffy, "let's have this turn over, and we'll be friends yet."

And with this kind of chivalrous feeling, did these two

honourable blackguards prepare to maul each other, zealously encouraged by their friends. Sawney's wife telling him, that if he did not soften that lump of goat's flesh, she would give him a lesson herself how to fist a man.

It was curious to observe how differently these people were affected, when a violent struggle was about to take place. The most of the youngers, particularly the females, got upon the window-ledge tables, and forms, but most of the veterans in vice never moved out of their seats.

The sole garments of the Scot consisted of a loose, ragged great coat, and a pair of trousers of equal value. Wheeling himself round for the combat, in a kind of bravo style, his cumbrous coat dropped off his shoulders, with as much ease as if it had been the cloak of a Spanish duellist, and presented a frame formed for the ring. Rather under-sized, light limbed, broad chested, and strong armed, all sinew and bone, with a step as light as an Indian, and an eye as fierce as a Mohawk.

After a little play with their fists, by the way of feeling how each other stood, and an exchange or two of favours, the Scot sent in a straight right-handed hit on the throat, with as much force as if the whole weight and strength of his body

had been concentrated in the blow. His man was prostrate head foremost under the bars. Taffy's lump of a body was picked up, for his soul seemed as if it had taken its flight to Davy Jones. It was all over, and Joe, the "o'er the border man," was cheered with deafening acclamations, whoops, and yells.

Harlequin, who ought to have been christened Hercules, from his Atlas-like shoulders, was now standing in the middle of the floor, like a surly boar roused from his lair, by the seat he had been sleeping upon being overturned, and, catching instinctively, as it were, that fights were going on, longed for some object on whom he could soothe his disturbed blood. He had flung his jacket over his arm, and, like a true bully, was striking his naked breast with his fist, and daring in his own low, disgusting slang, the best man in the room to turn out.

The place, at this moment, bore no bad resemblance to the infernal regions. The tables, forms, and windows were crowded, and drunkenness, ruffianism, and profligacy, were revelling in all the demoniac delights of mischief. Shouts, roars, and yells, shook the house, for the Scot to accept the challenge, Ben's voice in the din, was like a mite in the universe.

Sawney had just moved a step, to take the bear by the paw, when an apparition appeared that instantly quelled the riot.

We have heard of a story of the devil obtruding himself on a company playing at cards on a Sunday morning, and petrifying the Sabbath-breakers by the sight of his club foot ; or we might imagine Jove silencing the stormy contentions of Olympus by his nod ; but neither of these had a greater effect than had the blue physog. of a police sergeant showing his awe-inspiring self in at the door.

Down crouched the vagabonds ? every tongue was hushed as if Silence had stilled their throats with his finger. Some took their pipes, affected to appear tranquil, but smoked very confusedly, and a slight tremor might be observed in their fingers. As for Harlequin, he stood with his naked form, and his jacket flung over his arm, with a look as condemned as if the cap was about to be placed upon him.

The policeman never once opened his lips, but moved forward, with all the commanding importance of office, as he held his lantern from one ruffian's face to another. The landlord came in, and apologized for the noise, and promised that there should be no more disturbance. The guardian of the night nodded, and walked out.

The lodgers were then entertained with a lecture, with threats of turning out, and sending to the station-house. Three or four of the most unruly were dragged away to bed and the rest left, with strong injunctions to enjoy nothing but harmless mirth.



## CHAPTER XII.

ONE NOISE SUBSTITUTED FOR ANOTHER.—THE  
CLAMOURS OF STRIFE EXCHANGED FOR THE  
SONGS OF PEACE.

“ Music soothes the savage breast.”

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the streets of St. Giles's were as lively as the other back parts of the metropolis are at eleven at night. The several lodging houses round about were sending forth their various sounds, and an occasional meeting, at the doors, between two friends, with an interchange of blows, tended to keep the policeman from being weary on his duty.

Our company had been too strongly excited, notwithstanding the little check they had received, to sink into anything like sober chat. As soon as this profligate crew were left to themselves, they began to recover their spirits, by whistling and singing—beating time, with their hands upon the tables,

and their heels upon the floor, so that one noise was substituted for another and the clamours of strife exchanged for the songs of peace.

The he-woman gave two or three of the sentimental songs



of the day, with her usual ability; and that popular song, "The Sea," was sung in fine taste by a chorus singer of Drury Lane. *Richard's* soliloquy was ranted in stark staring style by a young vagabond who spouted from tavern to tavern for a living. An Italian air was screamed and quivered by



an elderly female, who once strutted upon the stage, but who now was half bent with care, want, and blue ruin (gin). It was considered by all to be excellent, (the poor always feeling a respect for what the rich admire) although there were none there that had either hearts or heads to feel or understand it.

Some curious imitations of birds were given by a comical sort of a character, who had a good deal of wit and foolery about him. A jolly drinking song with admirable humour by a hawker of flower-pots—a stout middle-sized young fellow, in a smock frock, and a low crowned hat, with a round ruddy face, and merry eye—one, too, who was all lark frolic and fun—a very English John with a pipe and jug.

A tall athletic youth, and a short thick-set man (brothers) dressed in flash coats, (velvet shooting jackets), ornamented with large ivory buttons, and their hats slouched on, sat in a corner smoking their pipes. They bore the exact appearance of being half poachers, and half tillers of the earth; fellows who, upon a pinch, would have no objections to take the road with a bludgeon—the very models of country blackguards. They were both in liquor—the shorter one so much so, that he had become quite obstreperous, and had once or twice interrupted the other vocalists; and now he is unable

to contain himself any longer, broke out with a strong voice slobbered a little though from too much malt—

“ With a dog and gun, and all such ware,  
To Donerby woods we did repair.  
We went till we came to Ryburn town,  
And there we drank of ale around.

“ We ran these dogs till almost one,  
Which made the gamekeeper load his gun —”

here the honest fellow hiccuped, which rather interrupted his harmony ; at length, after a stare, as if to collect his ideas, an extra exertion, and a kind of vaunting look—again stammered forth with—

“ If they had took us, and fought us like men,  
We should not have valued them two to their ten.”

This last burst was too much for his remaining senses ; he dropped on the floor—the proper level for all toppers.

But the best specimens were the street singers, that ragged, squalling class. A dirty tattered, coarse-featured wench whose visits from the cadging house could only be varied to the gin shop and pawn shop, came singing and dancing in rocking her body to and fro. She was saluted by the name, of “ Bristol Bet,” and “ Give us the sergeant ;” but Bet had tasted too much of the inspiring liquid, to answer their calls

with promptitude. She footed away vigorously, to drive away care, seconding every caper with a shout, and "Jack's the lad," and slapping her body, and heel, in rather an unlady-like style.

After giving her legs a proper shaking, she laid her head a little on one side, and moving it, with her foot to keep time, screamed out, in notes both loud and shrill,

"One lovely morning as I was walking,  
In the merry month of May,  
Alone a smart young pair were talking,  
And I overheard what they did say.  
The one appeared a lovely maiden,  
Seemingly in grief and pain,  
The other was a gay young soldier,  
A sergeant in the waggon train."

This appeared to be a real "Sweet Home" song; it went to the heart of every one in the room, who roared and bel-lowed applause, and thumped away with their hands and feet on the floor and tables. But never stopped until she had given the whole history of the Sergeant and his dearest Nancy. This poetry and music was too congenial to be easily set aside.

One of the same sex, and certainly one of the same family, a low, squat, scowling, weather-beaten looking hussey, a cadger born and bred, whose shoulders seemed as if they had been squared and rounded by a child continually laying upon them. She was the real songstress of low life ; Vulgarities might have taken her by the hand. Throwing up her face which was the very symbol of bad weather and an easterly wind, doled out.

“ It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,  
It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam ;  
By his friends he was neglected, he looked so dejected,  
A poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.”

This dismal ditty, although it brought down thunders of applause, made our very flesh to creep, as it brought to our mind cold rainy nights, starving times, Ratcliff Highway, and Whitechapel, as the other had street mobs and lads whistling and singing the popular serenade, as they trudged home from their work at night.

They were all now in the piping mood. The wooden-legged sailor, Jack, our old friend, would have given them “ Rude Boreas,” but only stiff Mr. Grog would not let him ; and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to clear his throat was persuaded to stagger off to his berth above stairs, respect-

ably propped on one side by his mate, a *gemman* rather top heavy, and his noble timber supporter on the other.

York who had slept the sleep of "deep sleep," never once being disturbed by the din,—for as the seaman is used to the roar of the ocean, so the cadger is used to the roar of revelry,—now opened his eyes, and feeling his lungs and his spirits in refreshing order, made bold to rehearse the exploits of "Bauld Turpin," that mischevious blade; but, unfortunately for his talents as a vocalist, sung it so much in the dry and drawling dialect of a canny Doncaster lad, that the whole company, one and all, were fit to split their sides at York.

Songs, English, Irish, and even Welsh ditties, were bawled and drawled out, until one after one sunk into the arms of the sleeping god.

The master and his man seized this favourable opportunity to haul and coax away a number to bed. Harlequin, who had become fresh again, as he would have termed it, raised the Welshman who had had the fray in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him above stairs to his resting-place. York was led most lovingly out by a comely maiden from the mountains of Wales, who had lately become his wife for so long a time.

By the by, this is a great place for the ancient Britons ; numbers of whom, with their Welsh names and broken English, make this house their home. There, there might be seen, William Williams fra Glamorganshire, and Hugh Morgan fra Glamorganshire, and David Jones fra Swansea, and Thomas Thomas fra Monmouthshire ; with a host of round-faced, and had once been decent, man-hatted wenches.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE CLOSE OF THE NIGHT.

THE point of time was now moving fast to the stroke of four. The nymphs of the *pave*, who made this place their habitation, were all returned from the toils of the night. About a dozen or two of both sexes were gathered together around the fire, chitling of the various occurrences of the preceding day, or otherways quietly amusing themselves. The females—the most of whom cohabited with the men now in the kitchen—were a miscellaneous set; cadgers, flower-girls, servants out of place—or of that class denominated unfortunate. Some, too, went out to char and wash, and all united to their several professions the privilege of the *pave*. One or two, about a twelvemonth ago, had been the *belles* of Regent-street walk, but whose bloated cheeks and tattered shawls now made them fit denizens for St. Giles's

A stout, middle-aged, good-looking woman, who had once been cook and housekeeper in a gentleman's family, and who still retained something of the decency and respectability of her former appearance, was now by misfortune reduced to be their associate. A few were young and handsome, and, what would appear strange in such a place, even well dressed.

There were two girls (sisters) who were romping about with a young lad, certainly in rather an unboarding-school-like manner, that particularly attracted our attention. They were both neat and clean, and genteel in their apparel. One of them, indeed, might be called beautiful. These girls had three ways of making a living. The first was that of selling flowers ; the second, begging as servants out of place ; the third, and certainly the best, was, to use their own phrase, "seeing gentlemen." It is a fact what we are going to state, that one of these girls has been known to make as much as five pounds a day—doubtless by the *seeing* profession and although cadgers from their birth, and born and bred, as we may say, in vice, yet it was but a few days before this, that we heard these young strumpets (for they deserve no better name) abusing an unfortunate woman who lodged in the Dens, using the most opprobrious language ; and had



at the same time, the most singular audacity to style themselves modest girls.

Of the males, the most of them were young men who had once been in better circumstances, but who now were reduced to get their living by calling papers about the streets. A few fine characters might have been picked out amongst those prodigal sons, as they stood warming their backs, or grouped together in this Vagabond's Hall.

There was an Anglo-German; he was very respectably dressed, only he had neither shoes or stockings, and though of small stature, had a voice like thunder; he was of course considered a first-rate patterer (caller). Another, a merchant's clerk and active young man, and an excellent mimic, but a *Careless* himself. The third, a Welshman; one who might have caused a painter to halt—a model of strength; in size and form like one of his own mountain bulls, with a voice as hoarse as the winter's blast on Snowden. He was a fine compound of ruffianism, shrewdness, and a sort of caustic humour. The fourth and last, was a tall, genteel young man, a draper, or, rather had been; he was still very smart, although much out at elbows. He had a pair of fine large, showy, sharp-pointed whiskers; was exceedingly fond of hard words, and, in his speech, superlative in the extreme.

He had been highly chagrined that very night, at a person expressing surprise at seeing him at Cadger's Hall, he considering that a man might make himself respectable wherever he might be, always provided thaa he conducted himself with propriety; in short, maintaining to the very last, the shadow of his former consequence.



The clock chimed the warning to the final hour. A policeman came in, supporting a man he had picked up in

the streets in the last stage of inebriation. Ben put out one of the lights, and gave notice that it was time to move.

The landlord busied himself in rousing two or three slumberers by sundry shakes and pushes with his foot,—not, reader to go to bed, but to go out,—they being lodgers who, having run out of coin and out of credit, were allowed for old acquaintance sake, to lie about the kitchen while it was open, but were invariably desired to depart at the lock-up hour.

The poor wretches got up, buttoned their clothes about them, thrust their hands into their bosoms, and shuffled out half asleep, a melancholy instance of the trials of the children of poverty and crime. The lodgers moved slowly off to bed, one by one: the kitchen was securely locked up, and the landlord then walked away, leaving drunkenness, misery and debauchery about the door.





# FLASH DICTIONARY.

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## A.

**ABELLS**, a bawd, the mistress of a bawdyken.

**Abbott's Priory**, the King's Bench Prison.

**Abram Cove**, a naked or poor man, a sturdy beggar in rags.

**Above par**, having the needful, possession of the poney, plenty of money, 'best bliss of earth'.

**Abram men**, fellows dressing themselves in various rags, old ribbon, fox tails, beg-

- ging in the streets, pretending to be mad, fellows who steal pocket books only
- Abram, to sham, to slum, to pretend sickness
- Academy, a brothel, bagnio
- Academican, a scholar at an academy, a whore at a brothel
- Academy, a floating, a hulk at Woolwich for convicts
- Ack ruffians, rogues who in conjunction with watermen sometimes rob and murder on the water
- Ack pirates, fresh water thieves who steal on navigable rivers
- Acting the deceitful, performing, mumming, acting
- Adam, a henchman, an accomplice
- Adam's ale, our first father's drink, water, 'best with brandy'
- Adam tiler, a receiver of stolen goods, a pickpocket, a fence
- Affair of honour, killing an innocent man in a duel
- All set, desperate fellows, ready for any kind of mischief
- Alderman in chains, turkey and sausages
- Alive, awake, fly, up, leary, acquainted with
- All out, the reckoning drank out, 'How stands the account 'twixt me and vengeance?'
- Ambidexter, one who snacks in gaming with both parties
- Amen curler, a parish clerk
- Anglers or starrers, an order of thieves who break show glasses in jeweller's windows to steal the goods
- Angling cove, a receiver of stolen goods
- Angelics, young unmarried ladies
- Anointed, knowing, ripe for mischief
- Arm props, crutches
- Arch rogue, the chief of a gang of thieves, or gypsies
- Arch doxey, the same among female canters or gypsies
- Astronomer, a star gazer, a horse that carries his head high
- As right as a trevit, the tippy all right
- A pig's whisper, a grunt, 'a word 'twixt you and me'
- Aunt, a bawd, sometimes called mother
- Autem, a church, meeting-house
- Autem cacklers, dissenters of all sects
- Autem bawler, a preacher, a parson
- Autem dippers, anabaptists
- Autem cackel tub, a meeting

- house for dissenters, a pulpit
- Autem divers, pickpockets who practise in churches; also churchwardens and overseers of the poor, who defraud, deceive, and impose on the parish
- Autem gogglers, conjurors, fortune tellers
- Autem mort, or mot, a woman of the same sect, a beggar, a prostitute
- Autem quaver's tub, a quaker's meeting house
- B.
- BABLES in the wool, rogues in the stocks or pilory
- Bacon-faced, full faced
- Back slums, low unfrequented parts in the metropolis
- Badge coves, parish pensioners
- Badge, one burnt in the hand
- Balger, to confound, perplex, or tease
- Badgers, forestallers and murderers
- Bag the swag, pocket your portion, hide your whack
- Baggage, a slut, a common prostitute
- Bid o' wax, a snob or snob-maker
- Ballin' ram ram, a hop or a dance, where the women are all prostitutes
- Balsam, rag, rhin, money
- Balm, a lie
- Bandog, a bull-baiter
- Bank, a depository for cash, a gaming-table
- Bandy, a tanner, a sixpence
- Banyan day, Saturday, when there's nothing left to eat
- Bantling, a young child
- Bar that, cheese it, stow it, don't mention it
- Barber's clerks, conceited ignorant shop-boys
- Bark, an Irishman
- Barker, a salesman's servant, a prowler to pick up countrymen in the streets
- Barking irons, pistols
- Barnacles, spectacles
- Battered bully, an old bold, well-milled hitting fellow
- Bawd, a procuress, a woman that keeps a brothel
- Batter, on ex
- Beak, a justice of the peace, a magistrate
- Beak, ram, a justice who will do any thing for money
- Beak queer, a magistrate that is particularly strict to his duty
- Beaks out on the nose, magistrates out on a search night
- Beaksmen, traps
- Beak-barter, a travelling trader
- Beak, a word for a snob
- Beak or only a beak
- Beak or hammer, a hammer

- Beeswax, cheese  
 Belch, malt liquor  
 Ben or Sam, a raw, a novice  
 Beau traps, genteel dressed  
     sharpers, fortune hunters  
 Beef, to alarm, to discover, to  
     pursue  
 Belly cheat, an apron, a pad  
 Belly timber, food of all sorts  
 Belly-go-fister, a hard blow on  
     the belly  
 Bene, prime, good  
 Bene cove, hearty fellow, a  
     tramp  
 Bene bowse, good beer  
 Bene of gibes, counterfeiterers of  
     passes  
 Bene darmans, good night  
 Bene fakers, counterfeiterers  
 Bender, a shilling  
 Benjamin, a top coat, a great  
     coat  
 Betty, a small picklock  
 Bever, an afternoon's luncneon  
 Better half, an ironical name  
     for a wife  
 Biddy, a fowl, a capon, or  
     chicken; a young chicken  
 Bilboa, a sword, or any pointed  
     instrument  
 Billing and cooing, the sexes  
     humbugging one another;  
     courting  
 Bilk, to swindle, cheat  
 Bing, to cut, go away  
 Bingo, spirituous liquors  
 Bingo boy, a male dram  
     drunker  
 Bingo mot, a female dram  
     drinker  
 Bit, money  
 Big'uns, men of consequence  
 Bit, taken in, duped  
 Bit, queer, counterfeit money  
 Bit cull, a coiner  
 Bit smasher, an utterer of base  
     coin  
 Bit of cavalry, a knacker, a  
     saddle horse  
 Bit of muslin, a flame, a sweet-  
     heart  
 Bitch, to, to yield, to give up  
     an attempt thro' fear  
 Bitch, to, a character, or to  
     perform any thing badly  
 Biting your name in, taking a  
     large draught, drinking  
     greedily  
 Blab, a prating stupid fellow,  
     a fool  
 Blab, to, to nose, to chatter, to  
     tell secrets  
 Black beetles, the lower order  
     of people  
 Black diamonds, coals, or coal  
     heavers  
 Black boy, a clergyman  
 Black Indies, Newcastle  
 Black strap, port wine  
 Black box or knob, a lawyer  
 Black spy, an informer  
 Black act, act of picking locks  
 Black cove dubber, a gaoler or  
     turnkey  
 Black-legs, sharpers, fellows  
     who lay wagers, and after



[illegible]

Blunderbuss, a stupid ignorant fellow

Blunt, tip, rag, money

Boarding school, a house of  
correction, or prison

Bob, a shilling

Bob, a shoplifter's assistant

Bob-stick, a hog, a shilling

Bobtail, a lewd woman, or prostitute

Bobbery, a disturbance a row

Bobbish, tol lol, pretty well in health

Body bag, a shirt

Bo-ly snatchers, bailiffs, police officers

Boggy, kiddy, covey

Bog trotters, lower orders of  
Irishmen

Bogey, old Nick, the devil

Bolt the moon, to cheat the  
landlord by taking the goods  
away in the night, without  
paying the rent

Bolt, eat, go, make yours it  
 scarce.

Bited, hopped the twig, shut-  
tled, gne

to me, to steal

Bone box, the most

Bonaster, a hickory cone,

13. Another, a third on the  
hat

Don't want a chocolate cake?  
Just dig.

- Booze, drink  
 Boozy, drunk  
 Boozing ken, a lush crib, a sluicery, ale-house  
 Bore, a tedious story, or a vexatious circumstance  
 Bordell, a bawdyken, house of ill fame  
 Bottle-head stupid, void of sense  
 Bought, anything that's dearly paid for  
 Bounce, to lie, to swagger  
 Bounceable, proud, saucy  
 Bower, the, Newgate  
 Bowsprit, cork snorter, the nose  
 Bow wow mutton, cag mag, dog's flesh, bad ill looking meat  
 Bow wow broth, broth made of stinking meat  
 Bow man, a thief  
 Box o' dominoes, mouth and teeth  
 Box of ivory, the teeth  
 Box Harry, to go without victuals  
 Boxed, locked up  
 Boxing a Charley, upsetting a watchman in his box  
 Brads, money  
 Brass, impudence  
 Bracket face, devilish ugly  
 Bravoes, bullies  
 Bread basket, the stomach  
 Breeking shins, borrowing money  
 Breeze, kicking up a, exciting a disturbance  
 Brisket beater, a Roman Catholic  
 Brick, a loaf  
 Broads, cards  
 Brogue, Irish accent  
 Broom, go, cut, be gone  
 Browns, copper coin  
 Brown Bess, a soldier's fire-lock  
 Brown suit, no go  
 Brown gater droppings, heavy wet, heavy brown, beer  
 Brush, or buy a brush, be off, make yourself scarce  
 Brusher, a full glass  
 Brushed off, run away  
 Bub, guzzle, drink  
 Bubble, to cheat, defraud  
 Bub, rum, good liquor  
 Bub, queer, bad liquor  
 Buff, to to swear falsely, to perjure  
 Buffer, a perjurer  
 Buffer napper, dog stealer  
 Bag to damage  
 Buggaboes, sheriff's officers  
 Buggy, a one-horse chaise  
 Bugging, money taken by bailiffs not to arrest a person  
 Ball, a blunder  
 Bull, crown piece  
 Bull, half a crown piece  
 Bull dogs, pistols  
 Balk, a fellow that attends a pickpocket, to receive stolen goods

- Bully, a cowardly blustering fellow, pretended husband to a bawd or prostitute  
 Bully rocks, impudent villians kept to preserve order in houses of ill fame  
 Bully traps, pretended constables called to frighten the unwary and extort money  
 Bum, a bailiff  
 Bum'd, arrested  
 Bunce of dog's meat, a squaling child in arms  
 Bunce of fives, the closed hand the fist  
 Bunch of onions, chain and seals  
 Banter, a low-life woman  
 Bantlings, petticoats  
 Bang-eyed, drunk, tipsy  
 Burning the ken, vagabonds residing in an alehouse, and leaving it without paying the reckoning  
 Buss, a kiss  
 Bustle, ready money  
 Buster or burster, a loaf of bread  
 Button, a bad shilling  
 Buttering up, praising, flattering  
 Buttock and file, pickpocket  
 Buzan, a pickpocket  
 Bazz, a pickpocket  
 Bye-blow, a bastard
- C.
- CABBAGE, tailors' perquisites  
 Cadger, a beggar, a scramming cove, a mean sort of a thief  
 Cag mag, stinking or bad meat  
 Cake, an easy stupid fellow  
 Camesa, a shirt or shift  
 Canary bird, the inmate of a prison  
 Cank, dumb, silent  
 Cannister, *see* Block  
 Cant, mock religion, language of methodists  
 Canter gloak, a parson, a liar  
 Caunting, language of thieves gypsies, beggars, &c.  
 Canting crew, impostors who go about preaching, methodists, &c.  
 Canticle, a parish clerk  
 Cap, to to out do, to beat  
 Caper merchant, a dancing master  
 Captain tober, first rate highwayman  
 Captain, head of a gang, a bully  
 Captain Flashman, a blustering fellow, a coward  
 Captain queer Nabs, a dirty fellow without shoes  
 Captain Sharp, a cheat, a bully  
 Caravan, great quantity of money  
 Carrion case, shirt and shift  
 Carrion hunters, undertakers  
 Castor, a tile, a hat  
 Cass, cheese  
 Cast your skin, strip naked





- Coxy fuss, billing and cooing  
 Crabb-shells, shoes  
 Crack, to break open  
 Cracksman, a housebreaker  
 Crack'd canister, a broken head  
 Cramp-rings, fetters  
 Crammer, a lie  
 Cramp words, sentence of death  
     passed on a criminal  
 Crap, money  
 Crapp'd, hanged  
 Craping curl, an executioner  
 Creeme, to put money in the  
     hands of another  
 Crank, gin and water  
 Crib, to thieve  
 Crib, a ken, a mean looking  
     room  
 Crikey, a word of wonderment  
 Crimp, a decoyer, kidnapper  
 Crony, a companion  
 Cropping, the tail  
 Cross, on the getting a living  
     by dishonest means  
 Cross fight, a sold battle  
 Cross bite, to cheat a friend  
 Cross the herring pond, trans-  
     ported to Botany-bay  
 Crowdsman, a fiddler  
 Crummy, fat  
 Crusty, vexed, chagrined  
 Cub, a young child  
 Cucumbers, tailors  
 Cuffin queer, a magistrate  
 Culch, cag-mag meat, or the  
     refuse of anything  
 Culp, a kick  
 Cup-hot, very drunk
- Cur, a sneak, a coward  
 Curbing law, to take goods out  
     of window  
 Curl, clippings of money  
 Curlers, Jews who sweat gold  
     coin by rubbing them  
     together, for the dust  
 Cursitons, broken down law-  
     yers, Newgate attorneys  
 Cussin, a man  
 Cut, sheer off, go, avoid, or  
     shun a companion  
 Cut bene, to speak gently
- D.
- DAB, a bed  
 Dab, one who is clever  
 Dad, a father  
 Daffy, max, gin  
 Dagen, a sword  
 Daddle, the hand  
 Damn, to crush, to do away  
     with a drama  
 Damp your mugs, wet your  
     mouth, drink  
 Dandy, a swell, an exquisite  
 Dancers, stairs  
 Darby, ready money  
 Darbies, sausages, fetters  
 Darby's fair, the day when fel-  
     ons are removed to Newgate  
     for trial  
 Darkey, night  
 Darkmans, the night  
 Darken the daylight, to close  
     up the eyes  
 Dash, a waiter  
 Dash, a portion

- Daylights, the eyes  
 Dealers in queer, passers of  
     bad money  
 Dead beat, done over  
 Derrick to, to set out on an  
     enterprise  
 Deuce, twopence  
 Deux wins, two pence  
 Dews, a crown piece  
 Dew-beaters, the feet  
 Diamond squad, folks of quality  
     big'uns  
 Diamond a horn to, to put a  
     stone under the shoe, to  
     sham walking lame  
 Diddle, spirituous liquors  
 Diddle cove, landlord of a gin  
     shop, &c.  
 Diddle, to cheat  
 Die proud, or game, to die  
     with courage, or hardened  
 Dimnock, money  
 Dimber, handsome pretty  
 Dimber damber, the king of  
     the canting crew  
 Dimber cove, a pretty cove, or  
     fellow  
 Dimber mot, an enchanting  
     girl  
 Ding, to throw away  
 Ding boy, a rogue, knave, o.  
     sly fellow  
 Dinger, a pickpocket, or thief  
 Dipper, anabaptists  
 Dock yarder, a skulk in any  
     sly place  
 Doctors, false dice  
 Doff, to uncover taking your hat  
     off  
 Dollop, a handful  
 Dominic, a parson  
 Done brown, done over,  
     queered, floored  
 Donovans, pot itoes  
 Donkey's ears, a false collar  
 Don't name em's, inexpress-  
     ibles, breeches  
 Dorse, a place of rest  
 Douse the glimm, blow out the  
     light  
 Doughy, a baker  
 Down, fly, awake, knowing  
 Down in the mouth, having  
     nothing to say, low spirited  
 Doxy, girl of the town  
 Dozing crib, a sleeping room  
 Drag, a cart or waggon  
 Drap, a drop  
 Draw it mild, gently  
 Draw latches, robbers of  
     houses  
 Drawers, stockings  
 Drawing a cork, giving a  
     bloody nose  
 Drawing a thimble, picking a  
     pocket of a watch  
 Drawing a wiper, picking a  
     pocket of a handkerchief  
 Drawing a long pipe, telling a  
     lying story for round  
 Drawing a compass, three a  
     company members  
 Draw, the government of Newgate  
 Draw, when you attract the public

houses to cheat unwary  
 countrymen at cards  
 Droppings, heavy wet, beer  
 Dub, a key  
 Pub the jigger, fasten the door  
 Dubber, a picker of locks  
 Duds, togs, clothes  
 Duds cheer, ragged, poor  
 Duffers, swindlers, who go  
 about with articles pretend-  
 ing they are smuggled and  
 to sell them at an apparently  
 cheap rate  
 Dummy, a stupid fellow, one  
 who has nothing to say for  
 himself  
 Duke of limbs, a deformed  
 person  
 Dunnaken, if it be *necessary* to  
 explain the word, a privy  
 Dupe, a victim to artifice and  
 misrepresentation  
 Durance vile, prison  
 Dutch reckoning, bad reckon-  
 ing  
 Dost, money  
 Dusanan, sleep, or drowsiness

## E.

Eyewig, a crony, a close friend  
 Barb stoppers, horses feet  
 Elbow shaker, a dice rattler, a  
 gambler  
 English Burgundy, strong beer  
 Griffs, young thieves in training  
 Eye droppers, rogabonds who  
 rob hen roosts

## F.

FACER, a blow on the face, a  
 bumper  
 Fadge, a farthing  
 Fag, to ill use, to work hard  
 Fakements, scraps, morsels  
 Fast trotters, good horses, rum  
 prads  
 Fam, a ring  
 Fams, or fambles, hands  
 Fancy, the ton of low life  
 Farmer, an alderman  
 Fastener, a warrant  
 Faulkner, a juggler, a tumbler  
 Fawney, a ring  
 Feck, to, to discover which is  
 the safest way of obtaining  
 stolen goods  
 Feeder, a spoon  
 Feint, pawnbroker  
 Felt, a hat  
 Fern, a hole  
 Fence, a receiver of stolen goods  
 Fencing ken, a house where  
 stolen goods are deposited  
 Feret, a pawnbroker  
 Fib, to fight, to box  
 Fibbing, pummelling a head  
 while in chancery  
 Flich me some panea and cau-  
 sau, cut me some bread and  
 cheese  
 Fiddler, a sixpence  
 Fiddle, a watchman's rattle  
 Fiery snorter, a red nose  
 Field lane duck a baked sheep's  
 head



- Fig out, to dress  
 Figure, a little boy put in at a window to hand goods to his accomplices  
 Filcher, a thief  
 File, a rum, an odd fellow  
 Filch, to steal  
 Fin, arm  
 Fishfag, a woman that sells fish  
 Fishhooks, the fingers  
 Fives, the fingers  
 Fives, a bunch of the fist, the hand closed  
 Flag, groat, fourpence  
 Flame, a bit of muslin, a sweetheart  
 Flankey, the behind, the part you sit on  
 Flash of lightning, a glass of gin  
 Flash, language used by thieves, gypsies; to sport  
 Flashman, a prostitute's bully  
 Flash cove, the keeper of a place for the reception of stolen goods  
 Flashing his gab, showing off his talk  
 Flash his ivory, showing off his teeth  
 Flat, a raw, an inexperienced fellow, a fool  
 Flat-catcher, an article to dupe the public  
 Flee'd, clean'd out, stript  
 Flick, to cut  
 Flicker, a drinking glass  
 Flinsies, Bank of England notes  
 Flipper, the hand  
 Floating academy, the hulks at Woolwich for convicts  
 Flogger, a whip  
 Floored, knocked down  
 Floorers, fellows who throw people down in the street, &c. when their companions under the pretence of assisting, rob them  
 Flowers of society, the ornaments of high life, big'uns  
 Fly, up, acquainted with  
 Flyers, shoes  
 Flying colours, to come off with, to come off with luck, to do anything with advantage to yourself  
 Flue faker, a chummy, a sweep  
 Fogle, pocket handkerchief  
 Fogo, stink  
 Fog, smoke  
 Fogus, tobacco  
 Fogay, a stupid fellow  
 Footing, money paid by a prostitute when going among her companions, also money paid on entering into any trade or calling amongst mechanics  
 Fork, a pocket  
 Forh it out, to produce anything by the hand  
 Forks, fore and middle fingers  
 Fresh water bay, Fleet-market  
 Frisk, mischief

Frontispiece, the face  
 Frow, a prostitute  
 Frummag'd, choked, or hang'd  
 Frumper, sturdy blade  
 Fudge, gammon  
 Fuller's earth, gin  
 Fumbles, gloves  
 Funk, stew, to fret  
 Funk, to cheat, alarm, to  
 smoke, stink  
 Funkers, the very lowest order  
 of thieves

## G.

GAB, the mouth  
 Gaff, a fair  
 Gaffing, tossing with the pie  
 man  
 Gag high, on the whisper,  
 nosing, telling secrets  
 Gag low, the last degree of  
 beggary; to ask alms in the  
 streets with a pretended  
 broken limb  
 Gage, a quart pot  
 Gaggler's coach, a hurdel  
 Galters; blacklegs. gamblers  
 Galligaskins, breeches  
 Gams, the legs  
 Game, courageous, sturdy,  
 hearty, hardened  
 Gammon, falsehood or bom-  
 bast  
 Gammoners, cheats, swindlers  
 Gan, the mouth  
 Gape seed, anything that  
 attracts the sight  
 Garnish, money demanded of  
 people entering into prison  
 Gay tyke boys, dog fanciers  
 Gee, suitable; that won't gee,  
 won't do  
 Gelter, money  
 Gentry cove a gentleman  
 Gentry ken, a gentleman's  
 house  
 George, yellow, a guinea  
 George, a half crown piece  
 Gig, fun, nonsense, ready, on  
 the alert  
 Gill, a cove, fellow  
 Gills, cheeks  
 Gin spinner, proprietor of a  
 gin shop  
 Grinny, an instrument to lift  
 up a grate, in order to steal  
 what articles are in the win-  
 dow  
 Giving turnips, to cut acquaint-  
 ance, to shun any body  
 Glazier, one that breaks win-  
 dows and show glasses in  
 order to steal goods exposed  
 for sale  
 Glibe, a writing  
 Glim, the candle, or light  
 Glims, peepers, eyes  
 Glims flashy, a person in a  
 passion  
 Glim Jack, a link  
 Glimstick, a candlestick  
 Glim fenders, hand irons  
 Gloak, a man  
 Glue, the lady's fever, venereal  
 disease

Gnostics, knowing ones  
 Go it, keep on  
 Go slow, draw it mild, easy  
 Go by, to rise by superior force  
     turn the tables, against you  
 Gob stick, a silver table spoon  
 God permit, a stage coach  
 Goggles, the eyes  
 Goldfinch, yellow boy, gold  
     coin  
 Gone to pot, become poor in  
     circumstances, gone to the  
     dogs  
 Goose, to, to hiss like a goose  
 Goth, A, a fool an idiot  
 Grabb, snatch  
 Grab the bit, to seize the  
     money  
 Grabbed, taken, or appre-  
     hended  
 Grand strut, Rotten Row,  
     Bond Street  
 Grand twig, in prime style  
 Grannum gold, old hoarded  
     coin  
 Gravel digger, a sharp toed  
     dancer  
 Gravel tax, money robbed from  
     people on the highway  
 Grease, money  
 Greek, St. Giles's, slang lan-  
     guage  
 Greeks, gamblers, blacklegs  
 Green bag, lawyer  
 Green, raw, unlearned  
 Greenhorn, a sponge, a raw,  
     countryman

Grig, merry fellow, merry com-  
     panion  
 Grinders, the teeth  
 Groaners, a sort of wretches  
     who attend meetings, sigh-  
     ing and looking demure ; in  
     the meantime their pals pick  
     the pockets of those persons  
     who may be in the same  
     pew with them. They also  
     rob the congregation of their  
     watches, as they are coming  
     out of church ; exchange  
     their hats for good ones  
     jocosely called *hat making*  
     steal prayer-books, &c. ; also  
     fellows who go around with  
     street preachers, who, while  
     the mock parson is preach-  
     ing, they pick the pockets  
     of the listeners  
 Groat, a flag, four-pence  
 Groggiam, a horse  
 Gropers, blind men  
 Gropusses, the pockets  
 Ground sweat, to be buried  
 Grub, provender, victuals  
 Grub and bub, victuals and  
     drink  
 Grunter, a pig  
 Grunter, a bob, shilling  
 Guinea pig, a fellow who re-  
     ceives a guinea for putting  
     off an unsound horse  
 Gull, to cheat, circumvent  
 Gulpin, a raw, a yokel un-  
     learned  
 Gum, abusive language

Gun powder, an old woman  
 Gutter lane, the throat  
 Gutting a quart pot, drinking a  
 pot of beer

## H.

HACK, a hackney coach  
 Half and half, half seas over,  
 tipsy  
 Half a bull, half a crown  
 Half a hog, half a shilling  
 Half a grunter, sixpence  
 Half nap, venture, hesitation  
 Hams, breeches  
 Hammering, excessive heavy  
 thumps with the fists  
 Hamlet, high constable  
 Hand over, to bribe evidence  
 not to appear against a cul-  
 prit, to drop an argument, an  
 action  
 Handle the ribbing, to knock  
 the ribs about  
 Hang it up, to leave a reckon-  
 ing unpaid at a public house  
 Handle, a tool, a silly fellow  
 Hard up, in a queer way,  
 money all gone  
 Harman, a constable  
 Harmans, the stocks  
 Havannah, under a canopy of,  
 sitting where there are many  
 persons smoking tobacco  
 Hawks, swindlers, sharpers  
 Hawks, an advantage  
 Hear anything knock, do you  
 take the hint  
 Hearing cheats, ears

Heave, to rob  
 Heavy brown, beer  
 Heavy plodders, stock brokers  
 Hedge taverns, public houses  
 on the road side, little fre-  
 quented by travellers  
 Heavers, breasts  
 Hedge creeper, the meanest  
 order of thieves  
 Hedge bird, mean scoundrel  
 Hedge, to secure a bet by bet-  
 ting on the contrary side  
 Hedge off, slink off to avoid  
 serious consequences  
 Hell, a gambling house  
 Hell cat, a lewd abandoned  
 woman  
 Hell hound, profligate impu-  
 dent fellow  
 Hempen casement, a halter  
 Hempen furniture, money re-  
 wards for convicting felons  
 by thief takers and others ;  
 commonly called blood  
 money  
 Hempen widow, a woman  
 husband has been hang'd  
 Hen, woman  
 Hick Jop, a bumpkin, a fool  
 Hick Sam, a country fellow, a  
 fool  
 High pads, thieves, or footpads  
 who rob on the highway, on  
 foot, of the same class as  
 scamps and spicers  
 High flyer, an audacious impu-  
 dent woman

- High tide, having plenty of money
- High tobers, the highest order of thieves, who rob on the highway, well dressed and mounted on fine horses
- High gloak, well dressed highwayman
- High jinks, gamblers, a set of fellows who keep little goes, take in insurances; also attendants at the E.O. tables and at the races; fellows always on the look out to rob unwary countrymen at cards
- Hob, a bumpkin, a clodhopper
- Hobbled on the leg, a transported felon ironed on the leg, and sent on board the hulks
- Hog, a shilling
- Hog grabber, a sneaking mean fellow, a cadger
- Hog grunter, a close fisted narrow-souled, mean fellow
- Hoisters, shop lifters, fellows who go into shops, and under the pretence of buying goods, generally conceal some article under the sleeves of the coat, mostly frequenting jeweller's shops
- Hoister mots, women who go into shops and steal some small article
- Holy land, St. Giles's, from St Giles's being the *pat*-ron saint of *beggars*
- Hoofs, the feet
- Hoof it, to walk
- Hooked, overreached
- Hookers, thieves
- Hop, a sixpenny, a dancing room, where sixpence is the price of admission
- Hop merchant, a dancing master
- Hop the twig, run away
- Harness, watchmen, constables police officers
- Hot flannel, liquor made of beer and gin, with eggs, sugar, and nutmeg
- Hue, to whip, lash
- Huff, a bullying, cowardly, fellow
- Huggar, drunk
- Hum box, pulpit
- Hum, a liar, a canting deceitful Wesleyan methodist
- Hum, to humbug, deceive
- Hums, people at church
- Humpty dumpty, boiled ale and brandy
- Hunting, drawing unwary people to play
- Hush still, quiet
- Hush money, money given to compound felony
- Huskey lout, a guinea, gold coin

L.

INDEX, the face

Ignoramus, a stupid fellow a novice

Inexpressibles, breeches

Ingle boxes, jacks tipped with silver and hung with bells

Ingler, horse dealer of bad character

Interlopers, lazy fellows who are dependent on the generosity of their friends for support

Irish apricots, potatoes

Irish evidence, false witness

Irish legs, thick legs

Iron doublet, a parson

Iron, money

Itch land, Scotland

Ivories, the teeth

## J.

JACK, a farthing

Jack Adams, a muff, stupid fellow

Jack at a pinch, a hackney parson

Jack in the box, a sharper, a cheat

Jack cove, a sloven, dirty fellow

Jack-a-dandy, a little impertinent fellow

Jack pudding, merry Andrew, a clown

Jacken closer, a seal

Jacob, a ladder,

Jacobites, sham or collar shirts

Jackrum, a license for marriage

Jam, gold ring

Jarvey, hackney coachman

Jasey, a wig

Jaw, abusive language

Jehu, a coachman

Jemmy, twopenny, head

Jenny, a pick-lock

Jet, a lawyer

Jet Autem, a parson

Jew, an over-reaching fellow

Jig, a trick

Jigger, a door, bolt, or private still

Job, guinea

Jobber knot, a tall stupid fellow

Jock gagger, fellows who live on the prostitution of their wives, &c.

Joe, an imaginary person, nobody; as, Who do those things belong to? Joe

Jolter head, a heavy dull blustering landlord

Jones's, Mrs., the coffee house, privy

## K.

KATE, a picklock

Keep up the ball, to live and be jolly

Keep the line, to, to behave with decorum

Ken, a cribb, room

Ken-cracker, house breaker

Ken Bowman, a well furnished house

Ken, flash, a house where thieves and vagrants resort

Ken miller, house breaker  
 Kick, sixpence  
 Kick, to borrow money, to ask  
     a favour  
 Kick the bucket, to expire  
 Kicksies, breeches  
 Kid, a fellow thief  
 Kiddies, flash fellows  
 Kid lays, villians who defraud  
     boys of their parcels and  
     goods  
 Kiddies, a slapup well-dressed  
     girl  
 Kid with, pregnant  
 Kid-nappers, fellows who steal  
     children, and decoy country-  
     men and strangers in the  
     street, to rob them ; also  
     recruiting crimps  
 Kidwy, a thief's child  
 Kill devil, new rum, from its  
     pernicious quality  
 Kinchin, a young child  
 Kimbau, to defraud, cheat  
 King's mots, female children  
     carried on the backs of  
     strollers and beggars to excite  
     the pity of the public  
 King's picture, king's head on  
     gold coin  
 Kinchin eves, fellows who  
     steal children for gypsies,  
     beggars, &c.  
 Knacker, an old good for no-  
     thing horse  
 Knife it, stow it, be quiet  
 Knight, a poor silly fellow

Knight of the awl, a snob,  
     cobbler  
 Knight of the hod, a brick-  
     layer's labourer  
 Knight of the road, a highway-  
     man  
 Knight of the brush and moon,  
     a drunken fellow  
 Knight of the post, a perjurer,  
     false swearers, fellows em-  
     ployed to give false evidence  
 Knight of the blade, a bully-  
     ing sham captain, a brag-  
     gadocia  
 Knights of the rainbow,  
     waiters, footmen, lacqueys  
 Knowledge box, the jemmy,  
     head  
 Knuckles, pickpockets  
 Knuckle dabs, ruffles  
 Ky-bosh on, to put the, to turn  
     the tables on any person, to  
     put out of countenance

## L.

Lady-bird, a sweetheart, bed-  
     fellow  
 Laced woman, a virtuous  
     female  
 Laidy's man, an obsequious  
     fellow to females  
 Lady in mourning, hottentot  
     girl  
 Lag, to transport  
 Lagged, transported  
 Lagger a person working on  
     the water

- Lame ducks, defaulters at the  
     Stock Exchange  
 Lambskin men, the judges  
 Lantern, dark, a servant or  
     agent that receives a bribe  
     to conceal a robbery  
 Lap, butter-milk, whey  
 Lap, rum, good liquor  
 Lap feeder, a spoon  
 Lapping your congou, drinking  
     your tea  
 Lark, a bit of mischief, fun  
 Leading strings, the control of  
     friends  
 Leery, fly, up, acquainted  
 Leerers, the eyes  
 Left, over the, no go, it won't  
     do  
 Leg bail, running away  
 Leg o'mutton sleeves, large  
     sleeves worn by the ladies  
 Levanters, persons who run  
     away from their debts of  
     honour  
 Lib, to live together  
 Lib ken, lodging house  
 Libbege, a bed  
 Lifter, a robber of shops  
 Lighting a candle, sneaking  
     out of a public house with-  
     out paying the reckoning  
 Light blue, gin  
 Lightning, gin  
 Lightning, a noggen of, a  
     quartern of gin  
 Lightments, the day  
 Lil, a pocket book  
 Lily white, a snowball, a black,  
     a chimney sweep  
 Limbo, prison  
 Line, getting into a, confusing  
     a person, imposing on any  
     body's belief by joking  
 Lingo, slang, language  
 Link it, turn it out  
 Lipish, saucy  
 List, or Loist, shop-lifting, rob-  
     bing a shop  
 Little Barbary, Wapping  
 Little shillings, love money  
 Lively kid, a funny fellow, a  
     brave man  
 Loap'd, run away  
 Lob, money till  
 Lob, an easy foolish fellow  
 Lob lolly, a queer cooked mess  
 Lob's pound, a prison  
 Lobsters, soldiers  
 Lock, a warehouse for the  
     reception of stolen goods  
 Lock, rum, being in good  
     health; rich, clever, expert  
 Locksmith's daughter, key  
 Loge, a watch  
 Loose house, round house or  
     cage  
 Lord, a deformed hump-bac-  
     ked person  
 Lour, money  
 Low-water mark, having little  
     money  
 Lugs, or listeners, the ears  
 Lully, wet linen  
 Lullaby cheat, an infant



Lully priggers, the lowest order of thieves, who decoy children to some bye place and rob them of their clothes

Lully snow prigging, stealing wet linen from hedges

Lumber ken, a pawnbroker's shop

Lumber the ticker, to pawn a watch

Lurch, in the, to be left behind, to sneak, to hang on

Lush cribs, sluicery's, gin shops

Lush, drink

Lash ken, an alehouse

Lushingtons, drunkards

### M.

MAKE, to rob, steal

Mackry, the country

Mad Toms of Bedlam, fellows who counterfeit madness in the streets, and after beating themselves about, spit out some blood, in order to convince the too feeling multitude that they have injured themselves by violent struggles, and so obtain relief: they have a small bladder of sheep's blood in their mouth and when they choose can discharge it.

Made, stolen

Mig, halfpenny

Make, to, steal

Malty coves, beer drinkers

Mary-le-bone kick, a kick in the belly

Marrowbones, the knees

Mat macers, fellows and old women who go round in a morning when the servants are cleaning the doorways and steal the mats, &c.

Maunder, beggar

Maundering, begging

Mauns, tip us your, give me your hand

Mawley, the fist

Mawmouth, one that splutters in his talk

Max, gin

Mazzard, the head

Mest, to spend

Middle-piece, the stomach

Mill, thump, fight

Mill the glaze, breaking windows or lamps

Mill the ken, break open the house

Mill his nob, break his head

Mill clapper, a woman's tongue

Milldoll, to beat hemp in Bridewell

Miller, a boxer

Missing, courting; to be gone or away

Misstopper, a coat and petticoat

Mizzle, go, begone

Moabites, bailiffs and their crew

Mog, a lie

Moisten your chaffer, drink  
 Monish, tip us the, give me the money  
 Monkey up, being in a violent passion  
 Mopus, a halfpenny  
 Moon cursers, link boys  
 Moonshine, nonsense, flummery  
 Morriss off, to run away  
 Mother, a name for the keeper of a brothel  
 Mother's milk, rum, booze, good liquor  
 Mots, cyprians, whores  
 Mount, to give false evidence  
 Mounter, a common perjurer, villians who give false evidence and become bail for fellows of their own stamp  
 Mouth, a stupid fellow, a novice  
 Move, an incident, an action in life  
 Mower, a cow  
 Muck, money  
 Muck, to, to clean out, to win all a person's money  
 Muck'd, lost all at play, no money left  
 Mud pipes, thick boots  
 Muff, a raw, a silly fellow  
 Mufflers, sparring gloves  
 Mug, the face  
 Mugs, cutting of, making faces  
 Mullygrubs, the belly ache  
 Mummer, the mouth  
 Mummery, strolling players,

mounteback speakers, gypsies, and beggars who tell pitiful stories to excite compassion  
 Muns, mouth  
 Mumbling cove, a sturdy ill-natured landlord, shabby fellow  
 Murphies, potatoes  
 Muzzle, the mouth

## N.

NAB, to steal  
 Nabb'd, taken  
 Nail, to lay hold  
 Natty lads, young thieves  
 Nash, to bolt, to run away  
 N.edful, money  
 Never wag, man of war, the Fleet Prison  
 Neat thing good liquor  
 Nab, a hat  
 Nabs, a person to either sex, a familiar way of talking; as, How are you my Nabs  
 Nob the bib, to cry and wipe the eyes  
 Nab the rust, to receive the money  
 Nab the noge, to receive a guinea  
 Nab the clout, steal a handkerchief  
 Nab the cramp, having sentence of death passed  
 Nab the bung, to receive a purse  
 Nask, a prison

Napper, or Nads, a sheepstealer  
 Napper, the head  
 N'er a face but his own, not  
 a firthing in his pocket  
 Newlicks, or Noolucks, a per-  
 son not known, an imagin-  
 ary being, said to be a kin  
 to Joe, Cheeks, &c  
 Nibble, thief, steal  
 Nicks, nothing  
 Nim, to steal  
 Nimmer, a thief of the lowest  
 order  
 Niggers, fellows who clip and  
 file gold coin  
 Nig, clipping of money  
 Nick it, to win a wager  
 Nip, a cheat  
 Nipperkin, half pint measure  
 Nix, or nix my doll, nothing  
 No go, it won't do, a bad ex-  
 periment  
 Nob, the head  
 Nob, the head; a fellow car-  
 rying a high head, a man of  
 money, of respectability  
 Nob thatcher, a hat maker  
 Nob, old, a favourite game  
 used by sharpers, called  
 pricking in the hat  
 Nobbler, blows, thumps  
 Noddle, empty headed, shal-  
 low pated, stupid  
 Noll, a wig  
 Noodle, a sawney  
 Norway neckcloth, the pillory  
 Norfolk capon, a soldier, a red  
 herring

Nose, a, one who splits or  
 tells  
 Nose, to, to expose, tell  
 Nozzle, the nose  
 Nub, the neck  
 Nubbing, hanging  
 Nubbing cove, the hangman  
 Nubbing ken, the sessions  
 house  
 Nubbing cheat, the gallows  
 Nail gropers, people who  
 sweep the streets in search  
 of old iron, nails, &c.  
 Nunnery, a brothel  
 Nurse, to cheat  
 Nutty, fond  
 Nut crackers, the pillory  
 Nutmeg grater, the beard

O.

OAK, a rich man of credit, sub-  
 stance  
 Office, warning, notice  
 Ogles, the eyes  
 Ogles in mourning, black eyes  
 Ogles, rum, fine piercing eyes  
 Oil of palm, money  
 Old One, or Old Harry, names  
 for the devil  
 Old Tom, good gin  
 Old toast, a brisk lively old  
 man  
 Oliver, the moon  
 Oliver widdles, the moon  
 shines  
 Oliver sneaks, the moon hid  
 under a cloud, has got his  
 upper Ben on

Oli compoli, a rogue of the  
canting crew  
On the pot, being in trouble,  
vex'd  
On the mallet, having goods  
on trust  
One two, two blows succeeding  
each other  
One, in ten, a parson  
Optics, the eyes  
Operators, pickpockets  
Os chives, bone handle knives  
Out and outer, a rum'un, a  
good fellow at any thing, a  
trump  
Ousted, turned out, thrown  
Over the left, it won't do, no  
go  
Over the bender, over the  
bridge  
Overseer, a fellow in the pil-  
lory  
Owlers, runners and smugglers  
of wool

## P.

PAD, a highwayman who robs  
on foot  
Pad it, to walk  
Palm, to fee, to hand over  
Pallaird, beggars who borrow  
children, the better to obtain  
charity  
Panum, victuals  
Panum struck, very hungry,  
wanting something to eat  
Pantler, a butler  
Param, bread  
Parings, clippings of money  
Panter, heat  
Pat, an accomplice or compan-  
ion  
Patter, slang  
Patter slang, to talk flash  
Pattered, tried in a court of  
justice for felony  
Pave, the pathway  
Pavier's workshop, the street  
Peck and boose, victuals and  
drink  
Peel, to strip  
Peeper, looking glass  
Peepers, eyes  
Peel your skin, strip, pull off  
your clothes  
Peery, suspicious  
Peg a hack, to drive a hackney  
coach  
Peg, or peg stick, a bender,  
shilling  
Peg tantrums, dead  
Penance board, pillory  
Persuaders, cudgels or spurs  
Peter, a trunk  
Peteresses, persons who make  
it their business to steal  
boxes from the backs of  
coaches, chaises, and other  
carriages  
Pewter, money  
Pewter, to unload, to drink  
porter out of a quart pot  
Philistines, bailiffs and their  
crew  
Phizog, the face

- Pickling tubs, Wellington, or top boots  
 Picture frame, the gallows, or pillory  
 Pig, a sixpence  
 Pigman, a trap, or bailiff  
 Pigeon, a meek stupid easy fellow  
 Pike off, run away  
 Pinch, to steal money under pretence of getting change, *see* Ringing the changes  
 Pimple, the head  
 Pinks of fashion, dashing fellows  
 Pins, the gams, legs  
 Pippin, funny fellow, friendly way of expressing one's self as 'How are you, my Pippin?'  
 Planket, concealed  
 Pockets, to let, empty pockets, no money  
 Point non plus, neither money nor credit  
 Poke fun, to chaff, joke  
 Poke, a bag, or sack  
 Piker, a sword  
 Poney, money, £50  
 Pop, to pledge or pawn  
 Pot lers mess of pottage  
 Poppers, pistols  
 Potato, drop it like a, to drop any thing suddenly  
 Potato trap, the mouth  
 Potato, red hot, take a, a word by way of silencing a person, a word of contempt  
 Pot scum, bad or stinking dripping  
 Pothooks and hangers, short hand characters  
 P's & Q's mind your, mind what you're at  
 Poundage cove, a fellow who receives poundage for procuring customers for damaged goods  
 Prad, a horse  
 Prancers, horses  
 Prate, roast, a loquacious fellow  
 Pratt, buttocks  
 Pricking in the wicker for a dolphin, stealing bread from a baker's basket  
 Prigs, thieves, pickpockets  
 Prime twig, high condition  
 Prog, victuals  
 Prog, ruin, good victuals  
 Prog, queer, bad victuals  
 Property, an easy fellow, a tool made use of to serve any purpose, a cat's paw  
 Provender, a person from whom any money is taken on the high road  
 Pudding house, the workhouse  
 Pull, having the advantage over an adversary  
 Pull out, come it strong  
 Punch, a blow  
 Punish, to beat in fighting  
 Punisher, one who beats soundly  
 Pupil's straits, school tuition

Purgatory, trouble, perplexity  
 Purl, royal, ale and gin made  
   warm  
 Purse, a sack  
 Put, a country fellow, silly,  
   foolish  
 Putty and soap, bread & cheese

## Q.

QUARROMS, a body  
 Queer, base, doubtful, good  
   for nothing, bad  
 Queer bit makers, coiners  
 Queer buffer, sharp inn keeper  
 Queer street, to be in, in a  
   quandary  
 Queer cove, a rogue, villain  
 Queer ogles, squinting eyes  
 Queer patter, foreign talk  
 Queer rotar, a bad ill looking  
   coach  
 Queer rag, ill-looking money,  
   base coin  
 Queer blowing, ugly wench  
 Queer gill, suspicious fellow  
 Queer plungers, fellows who  
   pretended to be drowned  
 Queer cole makers, coiners of  
   bad money  
 Queer lap, bad liquor  
 Queer beak, strict justice, up-  
   right judge  
 Queer rag, bad farthing  
 Queer bit, counterfeit money  
 Queer lully, deformed child  
 Queer tats, false dice  
 Queer vinegar, worn out  
   woman's cloak

Queer belch, sour beer  
 Queer cove, a turnkey  
 Queer bid, insolvent sharpers  
   who make a practice of bail-  
   ing persons arrested  
 Queer cat lap, bad tea  
 Queer chum, a suspicious  
   companion  
 Queer pops, bad pistols  
 Queer put, an ill-looking fool-  
   ish fellow  
 Queer thimble, good for no-  
   thing watch  
 Queer hen, a bad woman  
 Quota, whack, share  
 Quod cull, a goal keeper  
 Quail pipe, woman's tongue  
 Queer prad, broken knee'd  
   horse  
 Queer lambs, bad dice  
 Queer Nantz, bad brandy  
 Queer nicks, breeches worn out  
 Queer dogen, rusty sword  
 Queer buffer, a cur  
 Queer harmen beak, a strict  
   beadle  
 Queer gum, outlandish talk  
 Queer glim, a bad light  
 Queer ken, a gentleman's  
   house without the furniture  
 Queer doxy, a clumsy woman  
 Queer booze, bad beer  
 Queer amen curler, a drunken  
   parish clerk  
 Qui tam, a shark, lawyer  
*Qui vive*, on the alert, in ex-  
   pectation  
 Quid, a goldfinch, sovereign

Quiz, a queer one, a gig, an  
aboriginal

Quod, prison

# R.

RADICAL, Hunt's breakfast  
powder, roasted corn

Rag, money; I've no rag,  
meaning I've no notes

Rag, blow up, rap out, scold

Rainbow, a tailor's pattern  
book

Rainbows, gay young bucks

Rain napper, an umbrella

Rap, I'm not worth a rap, I've  
got no money

Rap, give evidence, take false  
oath

Rap out, to rear, blow up, be  
in a passion

Rat, drunken man or woman  
taken in custody for break-  
ing the lamps

Rattling cove, a hackney coach  
man

Rattling gloak, a simple easy  
fellow

Rattling mumpers, beggars  
who ply coaches

Ready, money

Reader, a pocket-book

Red rag, the tongue

Red rag, give your, a holiday,  
hold your tongue

Red tip, Cognac, brandy

Regular, in proper course

Regulars, persons thus called  
from their leaving parties of  
pleasure at eleven or twelve

o'clock at night, to the no  
small discomforture of many  
an out-and-outer

Regent, half a sovereign

Resurrection men, fellows who  
steal dead bodies from the  
church yard for the surgeons

Rhino, grease, money

Ribbon, money

Ridge, gold outside of a watch  
or other article

Ridge cove, a wealthy gold-  
smith

Riff raff, black beetles, the  
lower order of people

Rig, fun, game, diversion

Rig out, a suit of clothes

Rig conoblin, cutting the  
string of large coals hanging  
at the door of coal sheds

Rigging, clothing

Right and fly, complete

Ring, to exchange one article  
for another

Rise, a, a disturbance

Rivertick, tradesmans books

Rivits, money

Roger, a portmanteau

Roofed up, put in a spunging  
house

Romoners, fellows pretending  
to be acquainted with the  
occult sciences, fortune tel-  
lers

Rome ville, London

Rookery, an ill furnished house

Roses, nobility

Rotau, a coach

- Rum glimmer, head of the link boy  
 Rum bodick, dirty shabby fellow  
 Rum brack, sensible justice  
 Rum doxy, fine made wench  
 Rum drawers, silk stockings  
 Rum gloak, well dressed man  
 Rum Nantz, good brandy  
 Rum ghelt, or rum cole, new money  
 Rum squeeze, wine or other liquor given to fiddlers  
 Rum prancer, fine horse  
 Rum rufe peck, Westphalia ham  
 Rum prad, a highwayman's horse  
 Rum duke, queer old fellow, rich man  
 Rum gill, a man who appears to have plenty of money  
 Rum rush, a number of villains rushing into a house in order to rob it  
 Rum gutters, cape wine  
 Rum quid, good guinea  
 Rum chaunt, good song  
 Rum booze, good wine, or any liquor  
 Rum buffer, valuable dog  
 Rum cly, a full pocket  
 Rum feeder, large silver table spoon  
 Rum gaggers, cheats who tell wonderful stories of their sufferings at sea, in order to obtain money  
 Rot gut, swankey, small beer  
 Row, disturbance, 'and in the ken to breed a row,  
 Roysters, noisy, turbulent fellows, rude vile singers  
 Roundyken, the watchhouse  
 Rumpus, a scuffle  
 Rub, an obstacle in the way, to run away, to make off  
 Rub out, when its dry, all right when its forgotten  
 Ruffman, any person who handles a thief roughly; the wood, hedges  
 Rugg, all right and safe  
 Rug carrier, an ensign  
 Rum blowing, a handsome girl  
 Rum hopper, a waiter at a tavern  
 Rum mot, a woman of the town  
 Rum bob, a shop till  
 Rum peepers, fine looking glasses, or bright eyes  
 Rum speaker, good booty  
 Rum job or rum dagen, a handsome sword  
 Rum quids, guineas  
 Rum, pad, the high road  
 Rum maundy, fellows who counterfeit the fool, going about the streets in order to obtain charity  
 Rum kicks, breeches  
 Rum file, or rum diver, a female pickpocket



- Rum dropper, a vintner  
 Rum cove, good natured land-lord  
 Rum fun, sharp trick  
 Rum bung, full purse  
 Rum bow, rope stolen from any of the king's dock-yards  
 Rum clout, handkerchief  
 Rum bluffer, a jolly host  
 Rum bleating cheat, a fat sheep  
 Rum back, good natured Irishman  
 Rum barking irons, prime pistols  
 Rum dumber, good natured prince of the canting crew  
 Rum quod cull, a goaler  
 Rum, or monogin, good, the most valuable of any thing  
 jewels, diamonds  
 Rum'un, a tramp, a good fellow  
 Rum ti tum with the chill off, good, slab up, the tippy, excellent  
 Ryder, a cloak  
  
 S.  
 SACK, a pocket  
 Sack, to, to take up  
 Sam, a foolish fellow, an idiot  
 Sam, to stand, to pay for all  
 Sangaree, rack punch  
 Sans prisado, a person who comes into company without any money  
 Saving one's bacon, to escape with a whole skin, to evade any accident  
 Seedy, poor, miserable looking without money  
 Seamp, a thief  
 Setter, persons using the haunts of thieves in order to give information for the reward  
 Seven-pence, to stand, to suffer seven years transportation  
 Sew up the sees, to give a person two black eyes  
 Scandal broth, tea  
 Scamp foot, a street robber  
 Scent box, the nose  
 School butter, whipping  
 Scot, a savage person  
 Scotch fiddle, itch  
 Scottish, savage, wild, chagrined  
 Score, a debt, fine  
 Scout, a watchman or beadle  
 Screwbado, a dirty fellow, insignificant  
 Scroof, to go about living with friends at their expense  
 Scrان, victuals  
 Scrap, a villainous scheme  
 Screw, a miser  
 Screw loose, a quarrel between two individuals, something wrong in a man's affairs  
 Screen, a pound note  
 Sharps, persons ready to take you in on all occasions  
 Shake a toe, to dance

- Shark, a lawyer  
 Shade, nice to a, very particular  
 She lion, a shilling  
 Shell, to contribute, club  
 Sherry, run away, be gone  
 Sheriff's ball, an execution  
 Shindy, a regular row, a general quarrel  
 Shiners, guineas  
 Shirk, to cut, to skulk  
 Shop, a goal  
 Shop lobber, a dressed up silly coxcomb of a shopman, a powdered fop  
 Shopped, imprisoned  
 Shoot, to go skulking about  
 Shooting the cat, vomiting  
 Shove, crowd, push  
 Shove the tumbler, whipped at the cart's tail  
 Shove in the mouth, a glass of gin  
 Shoving the moon, moving goods by moonlight  
 Shoulder knot, a bailiff  
 Shuffle, go, morriss, begone  
 Slum, gammon, sham  
 Shy cock, a person afraid of a bailiff  
 Sigster, a nap, after dinner, a short sleep  
 Sidle, come close to  
 Sighers, *See* Groaners  
 Sight, take a, a manner of expressing contempt or ridicule by putting the thumb to the nose, with the fingers straight up in the air  
 Sight, a lot, a great many, a great deal  
 Sinkers, old stockings that have sunk the small parts into the heel  
 Sipper, a tea spoon  
 Six and eight pence, a lawyer  
 Sink hole, the throat  
 Skewer, a sword  
 Skin, a purse  
 Skinners, villains who steal children; kidnappers who entrap unwary men to enlist for soldiers  
 Sky parlour, a garret, or first floor next the sky  
 Slang, flash language, patter  
 Slanged, ironed on one leg  
 Slap bang, victuals sold at a cook shop  
 Slate, a sheet  
 Sling tale and galena, fowl and pickled pork  
 Slipped cove, got away  
 Slogg, to thump hard  
 Slogger, a miller, a boxer  
 Sluicery, a gin shop  
 Sluiced their gobs, drank heartily  
 Sluice, wet, moisten  
 Slubber, a heavy stupid fellow  
 Sly, contraband  
 Smack the bit, share the booty  
 Smart blunt, forfeit money  
 Smart, regular, up, awake  
 Smashing cove, housebreaker

- Smash, to break, strike, also  
     bad coin  
 Smash, a thigh of mutton and,  
     leg of mutton, turnips, and  
     capers  
 Smasher, passer of bad money  
 Smell, half a guinea  
 Smell a rat, to surmise some-  
     thing  
 Smeller, the nose  
 Smiter, the arm  
 Smicket, a shift  
 Smug, steal, nibble  
 Shaffle, highwayman  
 Sneak, on the morning, sneak-  
     ing down in the kitchen,  
     &c., just as the servants are  
     up, and purloining any small  
     articles, commonly practised  
     by cadgers  
 Sneezer, the nose  
 Snitch, to turn, to nose, to tell  
     tales, to turn sneak  
 Snorter, the nose  
 Snooze, to sleep, doze  
 Snoozing ken, a sleeping room  
 Snow ball, a black man  
 Snuffle, the nose  
 Snuge, thief under a bed  
 Solomon, the mass  
 Some tune, a large amount  
 Something short, a glass of  
     liquor  
 Soul driver, methodist parson  
 South sea mountain, gin  
 Speck, a bad, a bad under-  
     taking  
 Specks, barnacles, spectacles  
 Spicer, footpad, robber  
 Spicer, high, highwayman  
 Spike hotel, the Fleet, or  
     King's Bench  
 Spilt, overturned in a carriage  
 Spittleonian, yellow handker-  
     chief  
 Spoke with, to rob  
 Spoke to, he's taken by the  
     officers, cast for death  
 Spooney, a foolish fellow  
 Spoil, to bruise, injure  
 Spree, a lark, fun  
 Spurs, diggers  
 Spunge to eat and drink at  
     another's expense  
 Squail, a dram  
 Squeaker, a cross child, also a  
     pot boy  
 Squeezer, a drop at Newgate  
 Stach, to conceal a robbery  
 Stool, help, assistance  
 Staller, an accomplice in pick-  
     ing of pockets by holding  
     up the arms of persons  
 Stam fish, to cant  
 Stand the racket, treat, pay for  
     all  
 Stand the nonsense, pay the  
     money, stand treat  
 Stand still, a table  
 Stale whimper, a bastard  
 Stall, to make a stand, to  
     crowd  
 Stag, an accomplice who has  
     turned king's evidence  
 Stagged, discovered  
 Staller, an accomplice

- Stalling ken, broker's shop, or  
     that of a person receiving  
     stolen goods  
 Stampers, feet, shoes, stairs  
 Stark naked, gin  
 Star gazers, prostitutes who  
     frequent hedge rows  
 Stephen, money  
 Stern, the, the goat, behind,  
     what we sit upon  
 Stifle a squeaker, to murder a  
     child  
 Sticks, goods, chattels  
 Stiffer, a letter  
 Stick fans, gloves  
 Sticks, pistols  
 Stone pitcher, Newgate  
 Stoop, the pillory  
 Stow it, drop it be quiet  
 Stow your whid, be silent  
 Stranger, a guinea  
 Strap, mallet, trust  
 Strammel, straw  
 Stretching, hanging  
 Straw chipper, a straw bonnet  
     maker  
 Strike, a guinea  
 Strings of onions, the lower  
     orders of society  
 String, to, to impose on a  
     person's belief by some joke  
     or lie  
 Strike me dead, small beer  
 Strummer faker, hair dresser  
 Stumps, the feet or legs  
 Sucked, devilish drunk  
 Suit of cover me properly, suit  
     of fashionable clothes  
 Sugar, cock your leg and cry,  
     a way of expressing triumph  
     or joy, by standing on one  
     leg, and shaking the other up  
     hooting 'sugar' loudly  
 Sufferer, a sovereign, also a  
     tailor  
 Swaddy, a lobster, soldier  
 Swaddler, a pitiful fellow, a  
     methodist preacher who  
     preaches on the high road,  
     when a number of people are  
     assembled, his accomplices  
     pick their pockets  
 Swag, a lot, much  
 Swallow, the throat  
 Swankey swipes, table beer  
 Sweeteners, guinea droppers  
 Swell out of luck, a decayed  
     fop or dandy  
 Swinger, one leg and a, a  
     sound leg and a lame one  
 Swig, liquor of any kind  
 Swigs men, thieves who travel  
     the country under colour of  
     buying old clothes  
 Swindling gloak, a cheat  
  

T.

 TACKLE, good clothes, also a  
     mistress  
 Tag rag and bobtail, extremes  
     of low life  
 Tail, a sword  
 Tallymen, persons who let out  
     clothes to saloon cyprians  
 Tamarhoo, a hackney coach-  
     man, so called from the

- song of 'Tamarhoo ; or  
 The Devil and the Hackney  
 Coachman '  
 Tanner, sixpence  
 Tape, gin  
 Tat, rum, good dice  
 Tatt, queer, bad dice  
 Tatt men, fellows who get  
 their living by attending the  
 gaming tables and playing at  
 dice  
 Tater trap, the mummer,  
 mouth  
 Tatty tog, a gaming cloth  
 Tattler, watch or clock  
 Tea-pot, a negro  
 Teaser, sixpence  
 Teazer of catgut, a fiddler  
 Tears of the tankard, drops of  
 liquor  
 Teaze, to whip at the cart's  
 tail  
 That's the ticket, just the thing  
 as it ought to be  
 That dab's in quod, the rogue's  
 in prison  
 Thimble, a watch  
 Three sheets in the wind, three  
 parts drunk  
 Throw the hatchet, to, to tell  
 a marvellous story, or a lie,  
 and swear its true  
 Thums, three pence  
 Tie, equal  
 Tib of the buttery, goose  
 Tibby, one on your, I owe you  
 one  
 Ticker, a watch  
 Tidy, pretty good  
 Timber, matches  
 Timber merchant, a match  
 dealer  
 Time o' day, quite right, the  
 thing  
 Tinker, sixpence  
 Tip, money  
 Tip, to give  
 Tip your rags a gallop, to bolt  
 run away  
 Tip street, to be in, to have  
 plenty of money  
 Tippy, the, just the thing, as  
 it ought to be  
 Tip top, the highest, best  
 Tits, horses  
 Title-page, the face  
 Tizzy, sixpence  
 To nab a kid, to steal a child  
 To sing small, to draw the  
 horns in, to be humbled  
 To mill a cheating bleat, to  
 kill a sheep  
 To diamond a horse, to put a  
 stone under the shoe to make  
 it appear lame  
 Toddle, to walk  
 Toddlers, legs  
 Tog and kicks, breeches and  
 coat  
 Togged, dressed  
 Togman, a cloak  
 Togs, clothes  
 Tol lol, pretty well in health  
 Tolo bon rig, persons who go  
 about the country telling

- fortunes by signs, pretending  
 to be deaf and dumb  
 Tolobon, the tongue  
 Tombstones, teeth  
 Tonic, a halfpenny  
 Tooth pickers, Irish watch-  
 men's shillalies  
 Topper, a hat  
 Topping, hanging  
 Topping cove, hangman  
 Touted, to be followed, or pur-  
 sued  
 Touch, to arrest  
 Tout, to look out sharp, to  
 guard  
 Tow street, in, said of a person  
 who is being misled or de-  
 cayed  
 Towe, clipt money  
 Town toddlers, silly fellows  
 taken in by sharpers at play  
 Town tabby, a dowager of  
 quality  
 Track, to go  
 Traps, constables or thief  
 takers  
 Transporter, the mouth  
 Tramp, to wander as a beggar  
 Translators, sellers of old boots  
 and shoes  
 Trib, a prison  
 Trine, to hang  
 Trine, the new drop  
 Trotters, the legs  
 Trooper, a blowing, prostitute  
 Trooper, half a crown  
 Trump, a good one, a jolly fel-  
 low
- Trulls, the lowest order of  
 prostitutes, followers of sol-  
 diers  
 Truck, stealing money under  
 pretence of changing  
 Tuck, victuals  
 Tuck out, a good meal, a  
 bellyfull  
 Tuck up fair, Newgate at a  
 hanging time  
 Tucked up, hanged; married  
 Tumbler, a cart  
 Turn-up, a casual set-to, a  
 fight  
 Tulips of the goes, the highest  
 order of fashionables  
 Tarter, a queer customer, a  
 powerful enemy  
 Turnip, a watch  
 Turkey merchant, driver of  
 turkeys  
 Twelver, a hilling  
 Twaddlers, pease  
 Twig, to see, observe  
 Twinklers, the eyes  
 Twirlers, hawkers of men's  
 and women's clothes  
 Twittoo, two  
 Tykes, dogs  
 Tyke boys, dog owners  
 Tyro, a yokel a novice
- U.
- UNDER the screw, in prison  
 Under the rose, on the sly,  
 concealed enjoyment  
 Unload pewter, drinking beer  
 from pewter pots

Unrigged, stripped of money  
and clothes  
Up, acquainted with the con-  
versation of the company,  
apprised of any transaction  
Up to slum, humbug or gam-  
mon  
Up the spout, articles at the  
pawnbrokers  
Up the flue, being in trouble,  
on the pot  
Upper Benjamin, an upper  
coat  
Upright, ale-house pots

## V.

Vamp, to pledge any article  
Vampers, stockings  
White, gin  
Velvet, the tongue  
Velvet, to tip the, to talk to a  
woman, to impose by flowery  
language  
Victualling office, the stomach  
or paunch  
Voil, town

## W.

WAPSTRAW, Johnny Raw, a  
yokel, a countryman  
Wall flowers, old clothes ex-  
posed for sale  
Wall it, chalking a reckoning  
up at a public house  
Wall fruit, kissing against a  
wall  
Warm, rich  
Wattles, the ears

Water pads, fellows who rob  
ships  
Water-heaped, a snivelling fel-  
low  
Wearing the breeches, the wife  
ruling the husband  
Wedge, silver plate  
Wet the other eye, take another  
glass  
Wetting the neck, drinking  
Whacks, shares of booty  
Wheadle, a sharper  
White wood, silver  
White port, gin  
Whither, silver bowl  
Whimshire, Yorkshire  
Whiddler, a talkative fellow,  
an informer  
Whirligig, the pillory  
Whistling shop, a public house  
in a prison  
Whisker, a bouncing lie  
White buzmen, pickpockets  
White toppers, white hats  
White tape, gin  
Whites, counterfeit silver  
Wiggen, the neck  
Win, a penny  
Wipe, fogle, handkerchief  
Wing, fly, up, acquainted with  
Wobble, to reel, drunk  
Wo ball, a milk woman  
Wood pecker, a punster, joker  
player on words  
Wooden ruff, the pillory, as  
he wore the wooden ruff, he  
stood in the pillory  
W's, between the two, hitting

in the belly between wind  
and water

Won't suit, no go, it won't do

# Y.

YACE and onions, watch and  
seal

Yam, to eat hearty

Yankee, a tawney man

Yard of tape, a glass of gin

Yarmouth capon, a red herring

Yaruin, food made of milk

Yellow boys, goldfinches, sov-  
ereigns

Yellowman, a yellow handker-  
chief

Yelper, a fellow who makes  
pitiful lamentations of trifles

Yokels, green horns, country-  
men





## THE SIXTY ORDERS OF PRIME COVES.

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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Rum-bubbers<br>2. Coves<br>3. Groaners<br>4. Duffers<br>5. Out-and-outers<br>6. Cutters<br>7. Maces<br>8. Swigs men<br>9. Bully crooks<br>10. Bully priggers<br>11. Gingers<br>12. Ken coves<br>13. Bully bails<br>14. Stammers<br>15. Striders<br>16. Manners<br>17. St. Shifters<br>18. St. Jers<br>19. St. Jiggers<br>20. Chaps, Jogens<br>21. Chaps, wachers<br>22. Chaps, wroth<br>23. D. J. J. J.<br>24. J. J. J. J.<br>25. J. J. J. J.<br>26. J. J. J. J.<br>27. J. J. J. J.<br>28. J. J. J. J.<br>29. J. J. J. J.<br>30. J. J. J. J. | 31. Twirlers<br>32. Gammoners<br>33. Groaners<br>34. Fencers<br>35. Spicers<br>36. High toppers<br>37. Footpads<br>38. Gamblers<br>39. Swindlers<br>40. Shoplifters<br>41. Sturdy beggars<br>42. Pad priggers<br>43. Money lenders<br>44. Ken crackers<br>45. Queer culls<br>46. Rushers<br>47. Fawney coves<br>48. Divers<br>49. Adamiglers<br>50. Knackers<br>51. Millers<br>52. Smashers<br>53. Filers<br>54. Gypsies<br>55. Butlers<br>56. Priggers<br>57. Rum padders<br>58. Giggers<br>59. Dragsmen<br>60. Blossers |
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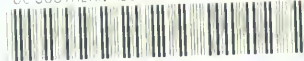
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